

Daily photo by ROBIN PITBLADO

MERDE DE POULET: The Red Star Chickenshit Brigade, fresh from the sociology "Festival of Liberation," performs for students sitting in at Peterson Hall. Future plans for the Brigade are unknown, but rumour has it that they are planning a world-wide tour in the near future.

A & S Dean on hiring:

Board has only nominal control

by LINDA WALL

The Dean of the Arts and Science Faculty assured concerned Social Science professors yesterday that the Board of Governors does not actively review candidates for teaching positions in the Faculty.

"The Board of Governors has only nominal control over ap-

Bravo - Winter Festival starts

McGill's annual Winter Festival opened last night with a Hockey Redman victory over the Université de Montréal (5-2), thus giving McGill the Birks trophy for the second consecutive year.

Festival continues tonight with the movie "Monterey Pop" at 6, 8 and 10 pm. Tickets are one dollar at the door (and we just forgot which door it's at).

On Friday, Winter Festival is sponsoring a ski-day at Belle Neige with an evening dance and torchlight parade. Buses will leave for the day of skiing and everything else from 8-9 am, and will return at 6 and 10-11 pm.

Saturday night is folk-night with a blanket concert at the Currie Gym. Starting at 7:30 pm, the concert features Tom Paxton, Jesse Winchester, Bruce Murdoch, Penny Lang and more for seven hours of good sound. For \$2.50 you get in—your blanket gets in free.

Climaxing the Festival will be the Monday evening concert with Sly and The Family Stone, the Fifth Avenue Band, and the Jam Factory. Showtime at the Forum is 8 pm with tickets ranging from \$2.50 to \$5.50.

pointments," asserted Dean Edward J. Stansbury.

Several professors were concerned that departmental autonomy in the hiring of new staff was being threatened by the administration.

Principal H. Roche Robertson last Aug. 7 issued a memo, stating that according to the Statutes of the University "all appointments... to the teaching staff... are made by the Board of Governors," and faculty can only "recommend" prospective teachers.

A form of common law is practised, however, by which departments have considerable autonomy in appointments, with the Board approving them.

The University Statutes have not been revised since 1939.

When the Sociology Department decided to hire sociologist Marlene Dixon last spring, a controversy erupted. Subsequently inquiries were made into Dr. Dixon's credentials by the Department, the Dean, and the Academic Vice-Principal.

A small group of professors became concerned over the implications of the Board of Governors trying to reassert its control over appointments.

In a motion passed yesterday, the Social Sciences Division objected to any active review of qualification of candidates by the Board of Governors, despite Dean Stansbury's assurance that such review was in fact not taking place.

The Division further asserted that the hiring process should not involve administrative review of a candidate's qualifications.

Another of the Division's ob-

Stansbury moves in, AGEF still pressures

AGEF kept up its pressure for reorientation of the French Department in a Peterson Hall sit-in yesterday afternoon.

The sit-in was held in spite of, and immediately following, Dean Stansbury's announcement of the creation of a three-dean committee to enquire into the French Department disputes.

Edward Stansbury, Dean of Arts and Science, cited the inability of the French Department and students to solve their rift themselves as his reason for setting up the committee.

The Committee will meet this Friday. Dean Stansbury called for briefs and suggestions from all parties concerned.

He expressed the hope that a "compromise satisfactory to both faculty and students can be drawn up," as members were "really in earnest to find a solution."

Amidst loud chants of "Solidarité", the Chickenshit Brigade of the Sociology Students' Union burst into the sit-in crowd of 100 in Peterson Hall to put on a performance.

This was the second sit-in within a week by the Association Générale des Etudiants en Français.

Its purpose was to demand the re-instatement of student repre-

by ED CHOUKE

sentatives on department committees. Furthermore, Majors and Honours programs in courses relevant to Quebec society were called for, as were more functional French classes.

Patrick Coleman, an AGEF spokesman, said that he hoped that the committee would be able to implement democratic structures at all levels in the department. "It was an encouraging sign," he remarked, that the committee will meet soon.

The General Assembly, which had 15 non-voting student members and 45 faculty members, was running the department until its dissolution by faculty in December. They termed the Assembly "unworkable".

Coleman argued that the "right-wing coup" which broke up the Assembly refused to discuss new courses and teach-ins

with students.

The Deans' Committee consists of Dean Stansbury, Robert Bell, Dean of Graduate Studies, and John Trentman, Vice-Dean of Humanities.

David Blitz, one of the founders of AGEF a year and a half ago, expressed confidence and optimism in the committee.

One of the main complaints put forth by students was that David Steedman, Assistant Professor of French, alone set up the courses to be offered next year when he should have worked with students.

Steedman, however, claimed that the courses could be changed, that he had to submit descriptions for the Course Calendar before the December deadline.

SSU liberates Peterson Hall

by GEORGE BEILER

A scheduled "Festival of Liberation" in the Sociology Department offices was curtailed yesterday when the demonstrators decided to join the French students' sit-in at Peterson Hall.

Before the curtailment, more than 200 members of the Sociol-

(Continued on page 2)

Council forced to adjourn

by NORM TOLLINSKY

The rampant disease of student apathy at McGill afflicted last night's Students' Council meeting as premature adjournment was called when councillors disappeared, thereby breaking quorum.

Half-way through the meeting, one councillor after another drifted out of the room. The issue being discussed at the time was a suggestion by External Vice-President Martin Shapiro to the effect that the Senate seat vacated by Sheldon Ungar be filled by the next External Vice-President.

During the debate, Michael Chodos, Law representative, pointed out that there were only nine councillors at the meeting and urged Students' Society President Julius Grey to terminate the meeting if no quorum was ob-

tained after five minutes.

After the stipulated passage of time, Grey slammed the gavel down and declared the meeting adjourned.

"I think it's absolutely disgusting," said Chodos, "that issues which are supposedly important are discussed, with only nine or ten members of Council at the table."

"Some councillors just don't give a shit about the University", charged Chodos.

Robert Hosang, Arts and Science representative, accused absent councillors of "gross irresponsibility".

One of the few matters considered by Council last night was the nomination of ten people for the soon to be vacated position of University Principal. Those nominated are Vice-Principal (Academic) Michael Oliver, Vice-Principal (Professional Affairs) Stanley Frost, Vice-Prin-

icipal (Administration) Robert Shaw, Professor Sven Orvig, Associate Professor Robert Vogel, and Donald Theall, Chairman of the English Department.

The list also includes Leo Yaffe, Chairman of Chemistry, Arts and Science Dean E.J. Stansbury, Engineering Dean George D'Ombrian and Dean of Management Howard Ross. The "election", as Students' Council chooses to call it, will take place March 4.

A motion aimed at allowing groups which have been banned from the Union to once again use Union meeting facilities was tabled.

After it was pointed out that these groups would not bind themselves to a pledge of non-violence, if this pledge was not required from all groups, Council decided to form a committee to draw up a list of criteria governing this matter.

Sly Gilmour and the family Redmen take on U de M in festival classic

by MIKE KAZAKOFF

Last week-end saw another reversal of form as the Redmen pucksters travelled to Ottawa to play the Carleton Ravens. After three disastrous defeats to Ottawa, Bishop's, and Sherbrooke, our heroes regained their hockey sense long enough to dish out to Carleton a 4-1 defeat.

The fact the opposition did not play the kind of hockey they are capable of helped tremendously, but does not mean that the Redmen played as badly as they did the previous week. After letting in the one weak goal, Norm Lord settled down to playing the way he usually does, that is, very well.

Normie's sloppy play recently has been rather unexpected and, to say the least, a little disappointing. However, it should be mentioned that the circumstances surrounding the situation do help to explain the phenomenon. It is common knowledge to those following the team closely that the long season has taken its toll on the goalies, especially one Norm Lord. The combination of second year law and nearly six months of hockey doesn't seem to be ideal. Nonetheless, his steady play in some games has helped the team win a fair number of contests since the Christmas break.

The game at Ottawa saw the Redmen outplay the Ravens and finally gain two points for their efforts, although two points does nothing to better their already blown play-off hopes.

Scorers for McGill were Mike Stacey with two and Joe Brown and George Kemp each with singletons.

Anyhow, what is past is past and the tears that can be shed over those events can wait until the whole gory season has drawn to a close. The only important thing remaining for the hockey team now is the Festival game tonight against the Flying Frenchmen from the other side of the mountain. With the Birks Trophy at stake there should be something to yell about. This is the only chance the Redmen have to salvage something decent out of a pretty dismal season.

In their two games so far this

season against U de M the McGillians have not fared so well. A 6-0 loss was recorded near the beginning of the year when the team was not playing hockey at all. Two and a half weeks ago the count was lowered to 3-3 and the Redmen were playing respectably. Since then just about everything has happened so the outcome of tonight's battle is anybody's guess.

Game time is 8 pm tonight at the Winter Stadium and admission is a mere one dollar. Tickets are available at the Union box office or at the door (if there are any left!).

The cheerleaders have consented to lead us in organized yelling, so don't miss your chance.

JV Hoopsters keep on bouncing toward first

by ROGER NORTH

A vicious mauling was reported last night in the vicinity of Pine Ave. and Aylmer St. The victim apparently was taken completely by surprise as his assailants caught him unaware and raked him over the coals.

The recipient of that grilling was the MacDonald College J.V. basketball squad at the blood-smeared hands of the Indians. McGill was savagely merciless as they jumped into the lead 8-2, stuttered a bit as the score knotted 10-10,

and then took off like a bat out of Bishop Mountain Hall.

There was little initial excitement as the teams piddled around deciding if they wanted to play or not. Suddenly the Hickeymen proclaimed "What the shit, why not work up a sweat and tally a season high score".

Revolved to that task the Indians plowed into a 50-30 half-time lead as just about every red and white player demonstrated acuity of hand-foot-eye coordination.

All the stops came off in the second half as McGill ripped off 7 straight points and continued to pry the bucket spread ever wider. Springing down El Camino Real, they made transit stops at 63-36, 78-41, 87-43 (hike!).

Kevin Walsh drove in on the basket at the 4:20 mark to drop in McGill's 100th and 101st points. The final count amounted to 108-56.

Play-offs begin next week so stand by for further details.

All Student Clubs and Societies are reminded that permission for the use of the Student Identity Card for the purpose of elections, etc., MUST first be obtained from either of the Co-Chief Returning Officers.

Sandy Martin 849-0737
Bob Wheatley 288-6717

TODAY TEACH-IN ON THE HOLOCAUST

Artistic and Literary Expressions of the Holocaust

1:00 p.m. L219 - "The Last Chapter" - a film of the Polish Jewish Community over the last 1000 years.

3:00 p.m. Moyse Hall - Mrs. Lena Allan-Shore, noted Montreal poetess, will read selections from her poems on the destruction of European Jews. Also a prose reading from Elie Weisel's 'Night'.

8:00 p.m. PSCA - 'The Shop on Main Street' - Czech film on events in Prague during World War II. 'Nuit et Brouillard' a National Film Board Documentary by Alan Resnais.

F.R.A.T.

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Sports Comment

by Bob Terkeltaub

It was a Saturday night at the Montreal Forum. Lou Fontinato, the colourful crashing bodychecker whose defensive dexterity and fistic facility were relished by thousands, lay prostrate on the ice that he would grace no more with his talents. Leapin' Lou Fontinato, the brawny basher of the blue-line, the Manhattan Mauler who moved his way into the hearts of hockey fans everywhere, had fallen headlong into the boards. His career was abruptly terminated right then and there before 15,000 stunned Forum patrons and several million T.V. viewers.

As Lou fought death and paralysis in his hospital bed hockey lovers shared his agony. But they saw him weather crises and return to good health. Never again, though, did they behold him doing what he loved most in life; playing N.H.L. hockey.

JUST ANOTHER SATURDAY

It was another Saturday night at the Montreal Forum. Bobby Rousseau's head had just hit the ice with a sickening thud. Bobby Rousseau, the Canadiens' wiry puck wizard was motionless before 18,000 spectators at the Forum and millions of T.V. watchers. On that recent night a man who had sported a helmet for several years and had vowed never to play without it, had just missed by inches the fate of Fontinato and possibly that of the late Bill Masterton. Rousseau, who for years had dashing delighted crowds by leaping through two defencemen at a time and by scoring while on his hands, knees or stomach, was almost lost to hockey.

Needless to say, Bobby was not wearing a helmet then and neither was Brit Selby, when on the following Sunday he was hit so hard by Bobby Orr that he temporarily lost his memory. Fortunately Rousseau and Selby were able to return, but can we safely say that the next player to take a jolt in the head will be as lucky?

With an influx of head injuries that can be attributed to the increasing roughness of the game, more players are wisely putting on helmets. It seems, however, that most of them eventually, foolishly too, discard this protective gear; Bob Rousseau, Mike Walton and Dave Balon for example. One must ask; what does it take for these players to get it through their thick skulls that they can be maimed or killed if they don't have proper protection? Rousseau got the message in the form of ten stitches and we witnessed him return the helmet to his head in all of his subsequent games, the first of which saw him score twice. (Who says a helmet affects a player's performance?)

SELBY MISSES MESSAGE

Selby, the gritty Maple Leaf forward, did not get the message, though, and so he threw away his headgear after using it for only a couple of contests. What Selby really deserved was a spanking for being so self-negligent but Clarence Campbell had no legal rights to do such a thing. Indeed, Campbell can only look on the head injury situation with dismay and try to find some other way to solve the dilemma, like granting \$5,000 for research on a helmet that will please everybody.

The players are displeased about present helmets because the headgear increases their perspiration and hampers their peripheral vision. In fear of discomfort and poorer performance they are not about to be coerced to wear helmets. Until these problems are relieved by better headgear hockey players will still take their lives and careers in hand when they step out onto the ice. Only when a solution is found will the fans be assured that hockey will not lose any more Lou Fontinatos in such a frightening way. Only then can we avoid scares like the one given us by Bobby Rousseau, and shocks like the death of Bill Masterton.

SCARLET KEY HONOUR SOCIETY

ALL OLD KEYS ARE REMINDED THAT THE WINTER FESTIVAL HOCKEY GAME IS A COMPULSORY FUNCTION. THE CONTEST STARTS AT 8:00 PM AND CELEBRATIONAL DRESS IS REQUIRED.

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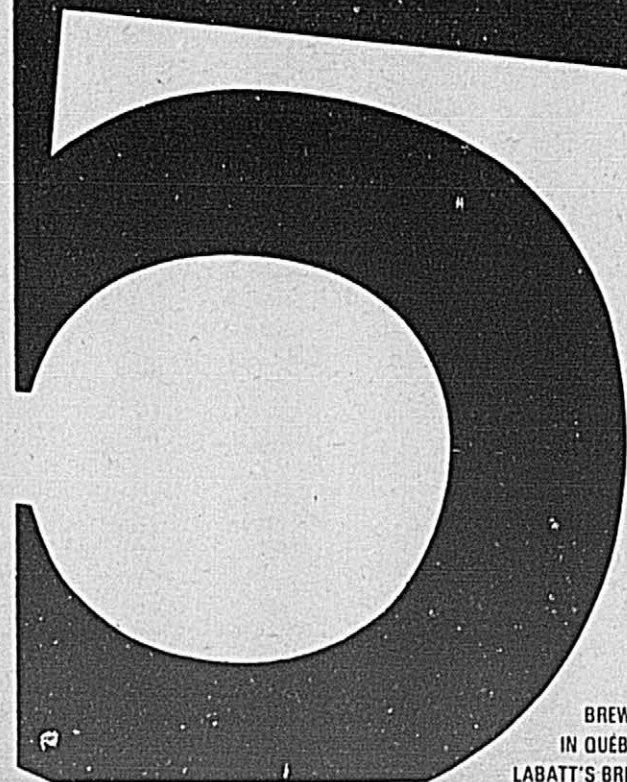
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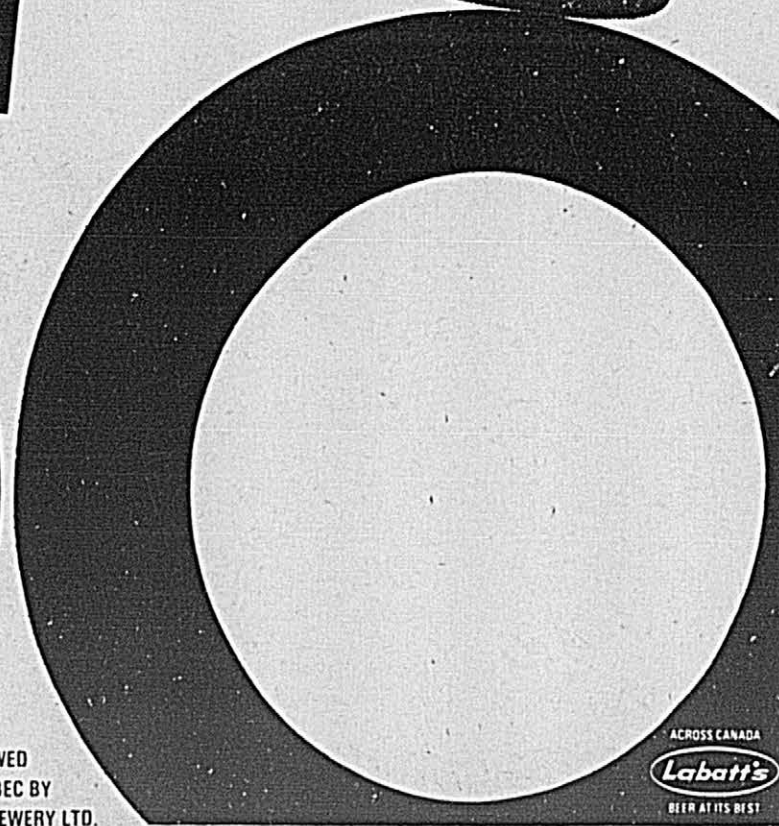


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SSU...

(Continued from page 1)

ogy Students' Union jammed the seventh floor of the Leacock Building for two hours of music and speeches.

The students came prepared with a phonograph and sound system, as well as a film depicting the student uprising at San Francisco State College.

During the action, the students unanimously approved a position paper reaffirming student tactics of challenging professors in the classroom.

The paper, which was published in yesterday's Daily also demanded equal student representation on hiring and firing committees.

A prominent feature of the "Festival" was the Red Star Chickenshit Brigade, which performed a mock Gilbert and Sullivan operetta satirizing sociology professors.

The demonstrators also heard John Woodburn, a former Montreal newsman, read a denunciation of the PhD thesis of Gertrude Robinson, who had been offered a department position over student objections.

Yesterday's "Festival" had been scheduled to continue indefinitely, but was curtailed when the students learned of the French Department sit-in. The students moved to Peterson Hall, preceded by the Chickenshit Brigade.

The Sociology Department has been in turmoil since the joint student-faculty caucus was dissolved by faculty in a dispute over hiring.

Since then, students have taken the dispute to the classroom through the use of the "Chickenshit brigade," and "truth squads" to challenge professors on their basic assumptions.

Further discussion of the crisis will be held Monday at 1 pm in the Union Ballroom, in a joint meeting of the SSU and the Political Science Association.

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Perry's probe to be late; expected in two weeks

by EVELYN SCHUSHEIM

Perry Meyer, the Quebec Education Department's one-man commission investigating the recent disruptions at Loyola College, will be presenting his report at least three weeks late.

The investigation was originally planned to be conducted in mid-February. However, due to a larger work load than was expected, the report will come out the first week in March.

At its inception, the investigation was to look into the general situation at Loyola, and to recommend ways in which the confrontations could be resolved. "I have however become the mediator in the binding arbitration between the fired professors and the college," stated Meyer yesterday.

The investigation was started in January, after both Loyola College and representatives of its faculty asked the Quebec Education Department to look into the non-renewals of the contracts of 31 faculty members.

"In the binding arbitration, I have been dealing with individuals or with departments where cases within a department have been similar,"

stated Meyer.

"I hope to have the meetings finished by this Friday. Then I'll begin writing my report." Meyer also plans to include recommendations which he has been working on since the investigation began.

In other developments, the Superior Court has begun hearings on Loyola College's petition for a declaratory judgment in the case of fired physics professor Srinvasa A. Santhanam.

On Monday, Santhanam's lawyers admitted for the first time since the dispute began, that he has no legal holds on the college.

Commenting on the case, Meyer stated that Santhanam and the Canadian Association of University Teachers are trying to raise a moral, rather than legal issue, in their fight to have him re-hired.

The college, in its case to the Superior Court, has cited disruptions of the peace on campus as one of their reasons for not renewing Santhanam's contract.

Since the investigation began, the Loyola Campus has remained quiet as all sides in the dispute have pledged to help Professor Meyer as much as possible.

Students' Society bankruptcy?

Portner definitely not in

Chris Portner will definitely not seek the office of the President of the Students' Society.

Because the Students' Society is in debt for \$40,000 and might go bankrupt next year, Portner feels that the office would then

be "an exercise in futility".

"Anything constructive I might accomplish would probably all be wiped out in the years after I left," explained Portner.

Peter Jaffe, Business Manager of the Daily, is in the running for

the post of Internal Vice-President, but a potential running mate, Radio McGill Manager Mark Phillips, has backed off.

Kevin O'Connell, Finance Director of the Students' Society, might also run for Internal Vice-President with Steven Strasser, BA4, his running mate, for the External Vice-President post.

Strasser said that the people who have already announced their candidacy "do not have enough experience at McGill." He stressed that he and O'Connell were running as a team.

"By having people getting along on the Executive, they are able to work together," Strasser said.

Nominations closed today for the post of Arts and Sciences Undergraduate Society Vice-President for Science. Guy Lowry, BSc 2; Michael Sylvestre, BSc 3; and Gary Ticoll, BSc 2, are in the race.

Nominations for the positions of ASUS President, Arts Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Fourth Year representative have been extended until 4 pm Monday.

Businessmen speak at CUS conference

by BETH GAUDREAU

McGill Commerce Day, sponsored by the Commerce Undergraduate Society, was highlighted by the speeches of three prominent members of the business world.

The three speakers were Paul Marcaud, Assistant Manager of Richardson's Securities Ltd., George Nathan, Vice President of Dominion Premiums, and Margaret Frappier, first woman member elected to the Stock Exchange.

The first topic was Canadian investment in Canada. Marcaud, in quoting statistics, showed that growth rate in investment had risen. George Nathan said that instead of buying back Canadian subsidiaries of international American firms which are not for sale, Canadian companies should concentrate their efforts on developing Canada's resources.

Mrs. Frappier, speaking on the role of the broker, said that the main responsibility was to mediate between investor and company in the interest of both and that one should be able to deal with a broker without his defenses up.

The speeches were followed by a brief question period during which Mrs. Frappier was asked if her gender had been a hindrance in her career. Mrs. Frappier replied that to the contrary, it had gained her much attention and therefore more business.

Marketing Conference

Only a limited number of tickets are available for next Wednesday's Marketing Conference at Sir George Williams University. Call 879-4544 or 4584 for further information. The conference will be held from 12:30 to 4 p.m. on the seventh floor of the Hall Building Feb. 25.

Inadequate research space:

Genetics prof. resigns

The McGill Department of Genetics will lose one of its few faculty members due to inadequate research facilities.

Assistant Professor V.L. Bergbusch has submitted her resignation from the department effective at the end of this term. She will go to West Germany in autumn, most likely to Vogelsang, near Cologne. She hopes to do reading and research there.



Daily photo by RICK STEWART

VICTORIA BERGBUSCH

Although Professor Bergbusch intends to return to Canada after one year she will not consider taking up her old position at McGill. She complained of the difficulty for any staff to find the time for research at McGill because of the heavy teaching load.

Specifically, the inadequate greenhouse space provided for her research projects and the complete lack of free field space at McGill led to her resignation. Field space is granted to Dr. Bergbusch on the Macdonald campus. However, she dislikes having to commute back and forth to Ste Anne de Bellevue.

Extensive greenhouse and field space is necessary for her research. She specializes in developmental genetics, studying the role of genes in comparative areas of developmental biology. This would include the role of genes in the formation of a flower at the various stages of its development.

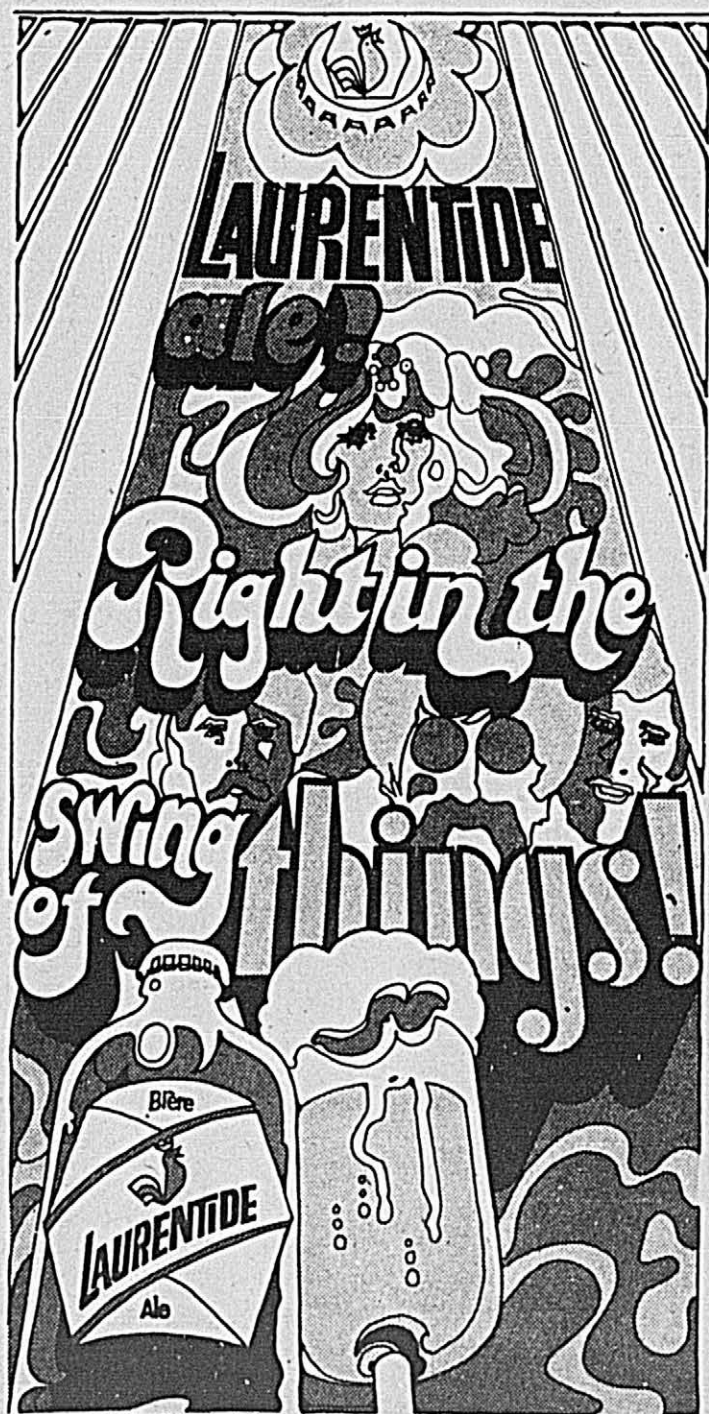
'TEACH-IN ON THE HOLOCAUST'

Implications for Contemporary and Future Jewish Existence

1:00 p.m. Moyse Hall Rabbi Richard Rubinstein, author of "After Auschwitz", will analyze the religious, moral and philosophical implications of the Holocaust for Jews today.

3:00 p.m. Moyse Hall Rabbi Irving Greenberg, Professor of History at Yeshiva University will present a different analysis on the same topic.

8:00 p.m. Union Ballroom Both Rabbi Rubinstein and Rabbi Greenberg will sit on a panel, exchanging views on and debating the implications of the Holocaust for mankind today. Rabbi Hausman, Chaplain of the Montreal Hillel Foundation, will be the Chairman.



CHARLEBOIS



THE REVIEW

McGill Daily Supplement, Feb. 19, 1970.

The Holocaust: it's time to remember

When the big purge came to Czechoslovakia following the Soviet invasion, liberals of all shapes and sizes fell in swarms. One variety however seemed to have a greater propensity to fall than any other — the Jewish liberal. In fact a Jew did not even have to be a liberal to lose his job in Czechoslovakia.

On Jan. 14 the New York Times reported that the prime target of purges being carried out in the party and its affiliate organizations were Jews:

Tirades against 'the Jews' by party workers are reported frequently. Some Jewish students and young intellectuals have recently been banned from Prague as 'parasites' together with persons suspected of living by racketeering or other unlawful activities.

Anti-semitism is neither new nor shocking anymore. It has become passé. Nor is it a particularly exciting issue for young idealists.

It is the height of immorality to neglect the agonies of one people because the struggle of others has become more romantic and in vogue. It is the height of hypocrisy to proclaim one's universal humanism and yet overlook a tortured segment of this human constituency.

Why has this occurred with respect to Jews? Perhaps it is because of the image of the fat middle-class Jew that has become a pervasive theme in our popular culture. It should be obvious that the hollow suburbanism portrayed in "Goodbye Columbus" is equally applicable to any and all middle-class life and has no intrinsic Jewish element. Nevertheless this image of the Jew as being particularly and grotesquely assimilated, bourgeois, and comfortable has seeped into our consciousness.

False as it may be, this image has blinded us to the reality, even the possibility, of suffering Jews elsewhere. In some, of course it has simply produced a hatred which causes not blindness but indifference, but let us assume that for the majority it is susceptibility to such myth-making and a faulty memory which causes such negligence.

In that case, it is time to remember:

That the allies in World War II sent warships to roam the Medi-

terranean to turn fleeing Jews back into the Holocaust.

That Jews are deprived of elementary human rights in the Soviet Union, are arbitrarily incarcerated in Egypt, are triumphantly hanged in Iraq.

That in Poland the pitiful remnants of the pre-war Jewish community (the 15,000 who survived the 3,000,000) are now being forced out of 'their' country by systematic persecution and harassment.

That by the end of the year Poland will finally be Judenfrei.

Aliens live and die at the whim of their hosts. This is true of Asians in East Africa, or the Chinese in Asia (e.g. Indonesia), and of the wandering Jew everywhere.

The only answer for aliens is collective national abolition of alienation.

For Woodrow Wilson and 19th century liberals the answer was national self-determination for all people. For Mao and the Third World the answer has been movements of national liberation. For Jews the answer is Zionism, the

re-establishment of an independent Jewish state. This is the only solution to the 'Jewish Problem' which the 'perfidious' Jews have so wantonly imposed on the world by persisting to exist.

Indeed as far back as twenty years ago, even before contemporary history could show that anti-semitism did not die or even diminish after Hitlerism, one "ardent Zionist" showed how the Jewish desire for a State of Israel did not arise from paranoia but from indisputable historical necessity:

"The Jewish people suffered extreme misery and deprivation during the war. It can be said without exaggeration that the sufferings and miseries of the Jewish people are beyond description. It would be difficult to express by mere dry figures the losses and sacrifices of the Jewish people at the hands of the fascist occupiers. In the territories where the Hitlerites were in control, the Jews suffered almost complete extinction. The total number of the Jews who fell at the hands of fascist hangmen is something in the neighbourhood of six million. . . It may be asked whether the United Nations, considering the very serious situation of hundreds of thousands of Jews who have survived the war, should not show an interest in the situation of these people who have been uprooted from their countries and from their homes. . . The fact that not a single Western European state has been in a position to guarantee the defense of the elementary rights of the Jewish people or compensate them for the violence they have suffered at the hands of the fascist hangmen explains the aspirations of the Jews for the creation of a state of their own. It would be unjust not to take this into account and to deny the right of the Jewish people to the realization of such an aspiration."

The speaker was Andrei Gromyko. . .

Charles Krauthammer
Joey Treiger

The rights of (all) the refugees

True, on Israel's borders we see today hundreds of thousands of Arab refugees and the accusation is made that the success of the Jewish national liberation movement was predicated upon their ruin. Such a view of the development however, is utterly oblivious of the nature of the struggle between the Arab and Jewish nationalism. As already noted, while Zionism envisaged Arab-Jewish coexistence, Arab nationalism in Palestine was unequivocally exclusive. For decades the Zionist movement sought an accommodation with its Arab counterpart, offering a wide variety of compromise solutions based on the recognition of both Arab and Jewish rights to Palestine. Among the proposed solutions were various partition plans, schemes for a bi-national, Arab-Jewish, state, or a federation consisting of Arab and Jewish components. The Arab nationalists kept rejecting any and all such solutions, always insisting on their exclusive rights to Palestine and on the removal of its Jewish society. It is this Arab extremism, and not any inherent incompatibility with the Arabs on the part of the Zionist movement, that is responsible for the perpetual Palestine conflict and the resulting wars and Arab defeats. It is this extremism that is responsible for the plight of the masses of Arab refugees. And it is this extremism that kept enlarging Israel's vital defense perimeter, albeit, the ready compromises of a peaceful society become a death verdict in conditions of challenge and war.

Tragically ironic is the fact that the Arab liberation movements have least of all profited from their irreconcilable belligerence vis-a-vis

Israel. On the contrary, their spiritual and material resources are committed against tiny Israel instead of being directed to true liberation from want, ignorance and extra-regional political and economic manipulation.

For the Jews, Zionism has created a rehabilitating Republic of Refugees. That it is not merely an improvised conglomerate of refugee camps but a growingly socio-cultural entity is the unmatched achievement of the Jewish National Liberation Movement. Little wonder that many delegations from other young nations come to Israel, some to study its collectivist movement, others the revival of the Hebrew language and culture, still others the unique achievements of its trade unions in building and controlling branches of the national economy. But even more than any of these specific attainments, the success of the Jewish Liberation Movement has inspired many of its counterparts in Asia and Africa. No less than the armed Zionist struggle against British dominance has shown to many peoples that it was not necessarily hopeless to challenge the British lion, did Zionist nation building show that lacking ingredients for nationhood can be created by the decision of man.

Whatever the passing expediences of international coalition politics, and however cynical the distortions begotten by them, in the history of the National Liberation Movements Zionism will occupy a place of honour. It was the first among them and it remains an inspiring international example even for some newer nations that find it expedient to manifest their solidarity with Israel's enemies.

M. S. Arnoni

letters

Author 'colors' computer incident

Sir,
The surname of the author of that nostalgic article recalling the good old days at Sir George belies the scathing fervor that quite apparently burns within her breast. No doubt racial prejudice exists in Canada — as was very astutely pointed out by the perspicacious Miss Cools — and will persist for generations to come, as the number of bigots who readily accept all that crap

about "niggers" dwindles.

However justified her claim of the latent racism which surfaced as flotsam in the aftermath of the computer incident, it is no excuse legal or moral for the criminal act of which the arrested students, black and white, are accused specifically, destruction of property. A defence for the accused which started off on the basis of broken promises and bad administration, eventually degenerated into a facsimile of the preamble to a speech by Stokely Carmichael.

While as a political realist-

I might endorse the use of violence, as a last resort, for the realisation of racial equality, I am not convinced that this was the basic underlying issue in the Anderson affair, or that this was the time or place for violence.

Moreover, the allegations on the article, most notably the unequivocal innuendo that the petition circulated at McGill condemned black students alone, and not all participants in general, raises serious doubts as to the integrity of the author. An individual advocating a just cause will naturally and justifiably in-

voke subjectivity, but can only do it serious harm by "colouring" the facts on which he (or she) bases his (or her) argument.

George Hardy
BCL 11

The henpeck'd husband

Sir,
To the Women's Liberation Committee:
Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife!
Who has no will but by her high permission;

Who has not sixpence but in her possession;
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell.
Were such the wife had fallen

to my part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart:
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
I'd kiss her mats, and kick the perverse bitch.
Robert Burns
Frae' John and Stu

MCGILL DAILY

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SÛREMENT ROBERT CHARLEBOIS

Interviewed by mel weigel

On sonna à la porte de l'appartement, et un beau chat noir s'approcha de nous. Robert Charlebois ouvrit la porte et nous fit entrer tous les trois. Le chat et lui avaient l'air d'être contents de se retrouver.

We followed him into the living room, which was practically devoid of furniture except for two plastic, form-fitting chairs and a low table. Against one wall was a pyramid of assorted brands of beer cans. 15 of them on the base.

"C'était hier soir, ça?"

"Euh, oui. Qu'est-ce que je peux vous offrir? Il ne reste plus de bière. Jus d'orange?"

A book of Molson's recipes for cooking with beer held a prominent place on the kitchen counter. We each took a large glass of frozen orange juice. Mine had a Schlitz label on it.

Nous retournions au salon. Le chat se promena encore parmi nous; il se faisait flatter de tous les côtés.

"Qu'est-ce que vous faites à McGill?"

"Anthropologie."

"Zoologie."

"Zoologie. Est-ce vrai qu'on dissèque les chats à McGill?"

"On doit probablement faire ça aux départements de zoologie et de psychologie. Moi je n'en ai jamais fait; peut-être dans quelques semaines."

"C'est parce qu'il y avait quelqu'un de McGill ici la semaine dernière qui m'avait dit qu'on disséquait les chats à McGill. Il était drôle lui. Un peu crackpot, je pense. Un français, mais il avait passé beaucoup d'années en Angleterre. Il était freaké en deux langues. Mais, ce chat-là, est-il à vous?"

"Non. Il nous a suivi ici, on croyait qu'il t'appartenait."

Meanwhile, the cat had realized that the game was up and she wouldn't let any of us get close to her any more. After a few dashes around the room, Charlebois caught up with her and escorted her to the door.

"Moi, ce qui m'intriquait, c'était le mélange de personnel que t'avait dans ton show à la Place des Arts."

"L'as-tu vu? Oui, j'avais tout un mixed bag dans ce show-là. Des italiens, des chanteuses de chœur, des violons de l'Orchestre Symphonique de Montréal. Qu'est-ce tu veux, des violons, c'est impossible à en trouver ailleurs."

"Qu'est-ce que tu vas faire maintenant?"

"Je crois que je ne vais plus faire de disques. Je voulais enregistrer les deux nouveaux numéros de mon show, 'Mon Pays ce N'est Pas un Pays, C'est une Job' de Réjean Ducharme, et 'Homme Ordinaire', mais ma compagnie était trop cheap pour faire ça. Ça coûte cher payer 26 musiciens et 14 chanteurs. Il faudrait aller à Paris pour faire ça, et je devrais me trouver un

nouveau rhythm section là-bas."

The doorbell rang. A lady asked if perchance a black cat had been seen there.

"As-tu vu 'Le Marquis Qui Perdit' de Ducharme?"

"Non, mais il paraît qu'il a perdu avec ça. Qu'est-ce que tu veux, il a écrit le scénario, et il l'a donné à André Brassard. Je ne suis pas exactement un de ses fans, lui. Et puis ils ne se sont jamais même parlés. Ducharme m'a écrit d'autres choses aussi. Tiens."

He handed me two handwritten sheets with some rather black lyrics on them.

"Il est plutôt pessimiste."

"Oui, je crois qu'il a fait un bad trip quelque part."

"Si tu ne fais plus de disques, qu'est-ce que tu vas faire alors?"

"Des films. Après mon show à la Place des Arts, je ne peux plus faire grand chose dans ce genre-là. Et puis j'essaie de changer de bag aussi souvent que possible. Je fais déjà le score pour un film. C'est une chose Miss Teen Pepsi, deux filles de bureau qui se décident à se taper tous les hommes qui passent à la maison. Il y a beaucoup de bonnes choses dedans. Il y a une scène où la fille est à poil sur le lit et le gas du Bell Téléphone s'occupe à réparer son téléphone. Je fais aussi un film en Louisiane. 'Ernestine'."

Buzzer again. An intense, dark, visitor was introduced as Luc Bélanger, the author of *Quate de Fuck*.

"What about Superarchipelago?"

"Did you see it?"

I had, but Charlie hadn't.

"Not too good, was it? What do you expect, it was a little 20-minute flash which we blew up into a 2½-hour show. But there were some good things in it, like the superhero, standing over the railroad tracks waiting to crouch the passengers. I pick them out one by one, an old man, and even a baby, and crush them. And then I see this girl running around inside and she looks a lot like Margo."

"Is there a real Margo?"

"Yes. But absolutely no connection with the song."

"Is there a real Dolores?"

"Yes. She's a little closer to the song."

"So I want to get down and see this girl. I utter the magic formula, swirl my cape, and the scene cuts to a life-size train car with bodies strewn all around it. I wanted to have real blood gushing out onto the stage during the whole time. There were a lot of things I wanted to do in that show they wouldn't let me. Like I had wanted to have a little plane buzz the audience at the beginning of the show. Can you imagine that, it would make you really paranoid, sitting up there and this remote control plane goes by over your head. BZZZ. But they said, 'No, you can't do that, it might be dangerous'. And you saw the tiny little fire I had towards the end. I'd wanted to have a huge bonfire."

"Burn down the Comédie Canadienne," said Luc Bélanger softly. He and Charlie

got into discussing 'Blow-up' as Charlebois went to phone out for some beer.

"Reality is like that tennis game."

A drawled "Allo. J'aimerais 24 bières assorties, mais n'y mettez pas trop d'O'Keefe. La dernière fois j'ai commandé un mélange et vous m'avez envoyé toute une caisse d'O'Keefe, et c'est la bière que j'aime le moins."

"Mais c'est fortement recommandé de croire qu'il y ait vraiment des balles."

Charlebois returned and fit himself back into the plastic chair.

"Whom do you like among other singers?"

"That's hard to say. I like Elvis, I like Johnny Cash. But for most American groups it's so difficult to choose between them. They're all good, but they're all doing the same stuff."

"Dylan?"

"Yeah, I really like him."

"Early, middle, or late?"

"I liked just about everything he ever wrote, though naturally there's some I liked better than others. 'Mr. Tambourine Man', I guess. It was the first one of his that I ever really liked."

"Leonard Cohen."

"He's good."

"Do you know of the Velvet Underground?"

"They're very extreme. I was at that stage once. They're what happens when you take all the bzz and the beat of rock to their logical extreme."

"The Beatles?"

"I read their songbook on the can sometimes and get a real laugh out of it. There's some very good things in it."

"Have you heard John and Yoko's live album from Toronto?"

"Some cuts from it on the radio. I think John's a little gone now. Don't you think Yoko looks a bit like Louise Forestier, Luc? As for 'Give Peace a Chance', it's clear everyone wants peace."

The sentence trailed off from out in the hall, as yet another visitor had arrived. It was Dominique, his alto sax player.

The conversation got around to Leo Ferré, whose opening at Place des Arts Charlebois and Dominique had been to the previous night.

"C'est le seul génie qu'il ait en France actuellement. Oui, il est le seul, sauf Gainsbourg parfois. Tu devrais le voir, c'est un vrai freak. Il a 54 ans, et ça fait plus de vingt ans qu'il fait ça. Il chante en veste de cuir, et il est chauve, avec de longs cheveux gris autour de la tête. Il faisait des choses assez banales pendant longtemps, mais il est vraiment fort maintenant."

"Quel style de choses fait-il?"

"Plutôt style Ferré. Toutes sortes d'émotions, mais pas phoney, comme de l'opéra. Il n'est pas faux du tout."

Son accompagniste, c'est un aveugle. C'est vraiment quelque chose à entendre jouer. Peut-être avec quelqu'un comme moi, ça n'irait pas du tout bien ensemble, mais pour le genre de choses que Ferré fait, il

est parfait.

L'as-tu vu hier soir ici, Dominique? Il flippait sur nos disques. Il écoutait tout, et il disait, 'Ça c'est beau'. C'est incroyable les sens qu'il a développés. Je lui faisais faire le tour de l'appartement. Il s'apercevait de tout. L'ascenseur l'a vraiment freaké quand il a senti qu'on s'en allait en haut pour sortir.

C'est ça qu'il a de bien de l'appartement. Quand j'ai des amis qui arrivent un peu stoned, ils trouvent que mon ascenseur marche vite. On est au cinquième ici, mais on rentre au sixième. Alors on descend d'un étage au lieu d'en monter cinq."

Buzzer. We'd been waiting over an hour for both the beer and a taxi for Luc Bélanger. This was the beer.

"Okay chief." The door closed.

"Okay chief! C'était un anglais," remarqua Charlebois en portant la bière au réfrigérateur.

"Tu habites à Montréal maintenant, mais est-ce que tu viens d'ici?"

"Oui. A part quelques années, j'ai passé ma vie à Ahuntsic. Tu sais, c'est au nord de la ville, entre Cartierville et Montréal Nord. Il y a des différences entre un gars d'Ahuntsic et un gars de Cartierville ou de Montréal Nord, mais c'est presque la même chose, comparée à un gars de quelque part comme Longueuil. C'est intéressant, ces différences régionales dans une ville."

J'écris un livre maintenant, ça va être une sorte de scrapbook. Il y aura des bulletins d'école, des photos de bébé, des poèmes de ma jeunesse, des lettres enragées qu'on m'a écrites, des choses comme ça."

"Qu'est-ce que t'as fait avant de devenir chansonnier?"

"J'ai fait trois ans au National Theatre School."

"Toi."

"Bien sûr. Au Boulevard St. Laurent. En plus, j'ai passé toutes mes étés à Stratford. C'était vraiment tout ça, il y en a beaucoup qui y sont rentrés et qui n'ont pas duré. Marcel Sabourin était professeur là à ce temps. Il nous avait dit une fois d'une de nos pièces, 'Messieurs, c'est un morceau de merde.' Je me souviens d'un rôle que j'ai joué, c'était un petit vieux nommé Jobolin. J'avais le dos courbé et je portais un monocle. Je passais mon temps à être triste et à rêver à ma Célestine."

"Comment est-ce arrivé que tu sois devenu chansonnier?"

"C'était ce qu'il y avait de plus naturel, je chantais les soirs tout le long pour me payer les frais."

"Mais pourquoi n'es-tu pas resté au théâtre?"

"Et bien, tu m'as vu dans Superarchipelago."

Luc Bélanger left to hail a taxi on the street, and we went to get some beer in the fridge. The split was two Molson's and two 50's.

"Do you think people know you outside of Quebec? After all, 'Lindberg' was quite

high on the charts in New York."

"It was Lindberg that made it for me. There were people listening to that in Sweden, in Switzerland, even in Mexico. It was the English who flipped over my show at Place des Arts. Did you see the review in the Star? Do they get that in Toronto? No, it's the Montreal Star. Well, they'll hear about me by word of mouth."

"You sang in Toronto at the Pop Festival last summer, didn't you? How was that?"

"No one was talking to each other at that show. Very strange. I only talked to a few of them. Chuck Berry, David Clayton Thomas, that's about all, I think."

"What was it that happened there with David Clayton Thomas?"

"I was on between him and Steppenwolf. He didn't know who I was and he had wanted to be on in my spot. He was a little surprised when I came on and said something like 'Who's this guy'. I didn't hear it myself though."

"What about the audience there?"

"As far as you could see, it was nothing but blankets and broad-rimmed hats. I like mixed audiences better, at pop festivals they're all the same. 'Take pot. Take acid. Peace. Love. Yeah, man.'"

Le téléphone sonna. Il y avait quelqu'un à l'appareil qui voulait qu'il assiste à une joute de hockey à Ste. Agathe le dimanche suivant. Il dit qu'il ne serait probablement pas là, car il devait jouer le samedi soir — les Charlebois contre les Bertrands — une partie de famille.

"Est-ce que on te connaît bien au Québec hors de Montréal?"

"Ce n'est pas bien grand le Québec. Il y a Québec, Trois Rivières, Chicoutimi, Sherbrooke. Quand t'as fait ce circuit-là quatre ou cinq fois, on te connaît."

"En Gaspésie aussi?"

"Même là. Je devais chanter un soir à Percy. Connais-tu cette histoire, Dominique?"

"C'est la fois que tu es parti à la pêche à la morue."

"Oui, c'est ça. Nous étions partis vers deux heures l'après-midi. Le pêcheur m'avait dit qu'on devrait rentrer vers sept heures et demie. Mais ce jour-là, ils ont fait une pêche miraculeuse. Je ne dis pas que c'était moi, mais ils n'avaient rien pris de l'été, et ce jour-là ils attrapaient de la morue en centaines. Alors à sept heures et demie on était encore là à retirer les filets. Qu'est-ce que tu veux? Lui, il gagnait son pain de ça, c'était sa vie. Je ne pouvais pas lui dire, moi je fais ça pour du sport, il faut qu'on rentre parce que j'ai un concert ce soir. Alors, huit heures, neuf heures, dix heures, j'ai regardé les filets et

les poissons qui passaient par le bord. Nous sommes seulement rentrés au port vers dix heures et demie le soir.

Le port était un ou deux villages plus haut que Percy et en revenant je voyais toutes les voitures qui allaient dans l'autre sens. VROOM. VROOM. J'ai du me baisser la tête vers le volant parce que j'avais mes grands cheveux freak à cette époque et ils me reconnaissaient en passant. Il y avait des gens qui étaient venus 100 milles pour me voir. Ils étaient tous partis en croyant que je n'avais jamais été là du tout et en jurant qu'ils n'auraient jamais du croire que Robert Charlebois viendrait à c'ta salle-là. Et puis je suis arrivé à onze heures à la salle où les musiciens m'attendaient. En plus, j'étais saoul. J'étais saoul."

"Et le futur du Québec," demanda Charles.

"Il faut que ça s'américanise. Mais avant, il faut qu'on parle français en tout l'Amérique du Nord. Il va avoir une grosse émigration du Québec. J'ai déjà plus de famille en Californie qu'ici. On n'est pas pire au Québec qu'ailleurs, sauf qu'on a un climat qui est un peu difficile. J'ai bien moins pitié pour les pauvres au Maroc qu'ici. D'ailleurs, il ne faut plus s'en faire. C'est la même chose partout. C'est fini. Il ne nous reste plus que quelques années. Il n'y a presque plus d'eau."

He went over to telephone again to call his girlfriend, Mouffe.

"Mouffe habite dans une grande maison sur Van Horne. Son père est ben riche. Il tricote les yeux. Puis la chose la plus drôle, c'est que c'est l'homme le plus gauche que j'aie jamais vu. Peut pas tenir un verre. Peux-tu imaginer ça," avec une motion tremblante d'examiner un oeil, "Oops, pardon."

Nous partons pour la Martinique dimanche ou lundi prochain. J'ai besoin de trois semaines au soleil pour me remettre en forme. Je ne suis pas bien maintenant. Je crois que ça vient de mon show au Esquire Show Bar l'été dernier. C'est la meilleure chose que j'ai jamais faite, mais ça m'a épuisé. Je faisais trois shows chaque soir, et c'était à l'époque où je buvais beaucoup, une douzaine de bières, au moins, par soir. Mais j'ai battu tous leurs records, Wilson Pickett, tous. Ça les étonnait à me voir arriver dans mon chandail des Canadiens. Les noirs là, la plupart ne comprenaient rien de ce que je chantais, mais ils aimaient ça. Ils se forçaient même à parler en français au monde pour se mettre dans l'ambiance. Et les waiters là m'adoraient; ils ont tous fait au moins \$500 en pourboire cette semaine. Je suis allé un soir et ils me de-

mandaient tous, 'Robert, quand est-ce que tu reviens, juste pour nous'. J'ai regardé au bar: sept, huit personnes, un band qui jouait du blues. C'était encore bon, mais ce n'était plus réel.

Dominique, viens-tu avec nous en Martinique? On pourrait composer le score du film pendant qu'on y serait. Je suis sûr que si on partait avec un bon tape recorder et une pile de papier à musique ça d'haut on reviendrait avec le plus gros de fait. J'ai écrit beaucoup de mes choses là-bas. C'est bien meilleur là. Tu descends de l'avion tout speedfreaky et tu vois tous les noirs qui sont là, bien tranquille, à te regarder. Et le lendemain, te voilà bien tranquille et tu vas voir les nouveaux-arrivés qui sont tout speedfreaky.

J'ai joué dans une salle en Guadeloupe une fois. Il n'y avait que des Noirs. Ils ne m'ont pas aimé du tout, ils croyaient que je les insultais. Moi j'étais à mon stage le plus acharné, tout en freak, et leur musique toute douce et relaxée."

Il commença à jouer son ukelele, tandis que Dominique poussa des soupirs style d'annonces d'Air Canada.

Je lui demandai s'il n'avait jamais entendu parler aux Antilles Françaises des communautés qui étaient les descendants de pêcheurs bretons qui avaient fait naufrage là. Ils portaient encore les costumes bretons, sauf que toute la dentelle était faite de paille. Ils étaient restés isolés là pendant des centaines d'années.

"Est-ce vrai ça? Où est-ce?"

"A St-Bartholémy."

"Les as-tu vus? Ils doivent être bien freak, les yeux tout croches."

"Oui, ils ont l'air pas mal étrange, ils sont tous très pâles."

"Bien freak? Dominique. On les filme-tu?"

"Il faudrait y rester pendant au moins six mois, ils auraient bien peur des caméras."

"Non. Ça serait trop mean, ça," et avec la voix Brylcleem, "A Mean Movie. Look Mean! Act Mean!"

"What about other plans for the future?"

"I'm writing a song now about two girls, one's a black girl in a white dress, and the other's a white girl in a black dress. The white girl in the black dress marries a black man in a white suit, and the black girl in the white dress marries a white man in a black suit. It's a double wedding. The black man drives up in his white Cadillac and the white man arrives in his black Cadillac..."

I haven't finished it yet. Maybe a three ring circus in the Forum. I went to the Rock and Roll Revival there on New Year's Eve. Really terrifying, the Forum with only a few people in rows by the stage. The ushers were really after you to find your seat for you. But a three ring circus, really well done, with free jazz in one corner, rock bands in the middle, and some folk singers off in the other corner. Every now and then you flash the lights on a star, someone really unlikely, who's good, but whom people have forgotten for years. But the other stuff keeps on playing quietly."

"Un show avec Elvis?"

"Crois-tu qu'il le ferait? Oui, peut-être. Elvis était ben Pepsi pendant un bout de temps, mais il commence à revenir fort. As-tu entendu son dernier disque qu'il a fait live. Il y a même quelques numéros où il se parodie."

Peut-être un show avec James Brown."

"Le connais-tu?"

"Un peu."

"Robert," suggéra Dominique, "si tu louais une salle à Harlem. Ça le ferait ça, ton entrée aux Etats-Unis."

"Tu crois que ça marcherait? Hm. Ça serait bien dur ça. Je suis bien Blanc, moi. Peut-être quand je reviens de la Martinique."

J'attend le Noir qui va refaire le coup d'Al Jolson. Tu sais, tout maquillé en blanc.

Peut-être si je pourrais persuader James Brown de se maquiller en blanc et moi je serais en noir.

"Hm," avec une expression de joueur de hockey déterminé qui lui traversa le visage, "j'aimerais bien faire un show avec Dylan."

As we were donning our boots to go out and up the elevator into the city, I asked him, "What about Ray Charles?"

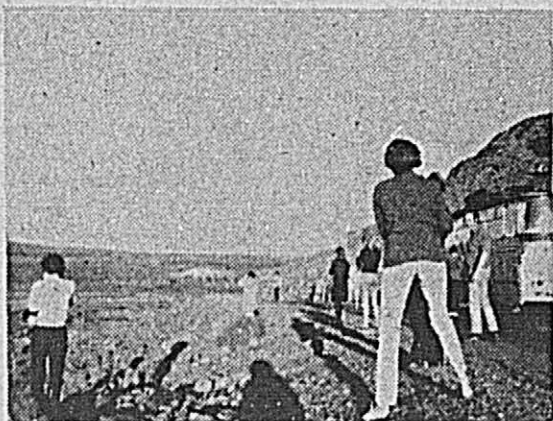
"He's great, but he must be really weird. I met a Yugoslav once at the NFB who hardly spoke any French or English. He wanted to do a movie on Ray Charles. Can you imagine the trouble he must've had getting through to him, what with the people he's got around him."

"And Ravi Shankar?"

"Disons que je l'aimais avant qu'il soit connu, mais un peu moins après. C'est un homme très pieux. Est-ce qu'on peut être trop pieux? Oui."

(Copyright, McGill Daily, February 1970)

photos by Robert Charlebois and Polaroid Swinger.



on the road to Marrakèsh



camera shop in Paris



'Chu rendu à dos de chameau'

UP AGAINST THE TV

news. That article was important, though, in attempting to turn aside the stream of repetitive and 'conventional' criticism of tv that has become as dulling as the medium is alleged to be.

If I hear again that tv is a 'packaged' activity, that it is mind-dulling where it pretends to be enlightening, that it is pap of one kind and another, reactionary, socially divisive or supportive of certain groups, I might feel an overwhelming need to package the speaker too. Of course all those things are true; worse things are true; worse things are true of tv. But, tv is indeed paradoxical and ambiguous in its effects, as this article made clear: it is as likely to radicalize as it is to mystify. When the bland front is involuntarily broken, there will be a breakdown in credibility far more startling proportionately, than the previous blandness.

This was a good point to make because it brought what is already in existence into a relationship with the general dissatisfaction with tv. But it said nothing about what television could be like: the usual criticisms were simply reversed, and a paradoxical interpretation placed on them (none the less valid an interpretation, though). The 'usual' criticisms are objectionable on the same grounds: they are so sweeping, so evidently and (it seems) so hopelessly true, that discussion of the medium normally ends at that point.

Since I am going on to say that I think that tv does possess some potential, that clay-headed edifice known as 'Professor McLuhan' had better be disposed of immediately. Professor McLuhan, in his latest, and most pathetic work, 'Counterblast', reiterates his opposition to the idea of 'content analysis' of the

media: what the programmes are about he says, is of no interest: it is their abstract function as media that is important. This is not really a helpful point of view for people trying to create programmes. It rather leaves them with a tv set with 525 flickering lines and nothing else. It is with programme makers that we need to be concerned.

Last Sunday, had you been watching CJOH from Ottawa at about 11.30 pm you would have seen a large young man very effectively smashing an old tv set with a sledgehammer. The programme was 'Up Against the Wall', which has recently been in trouble for using fuck, shit, and other everyday words, and the set-breaking introduced a discussion of television itself, as she is carried on in Canada and the US. Patrick Watson was one of five people, sitting on a large brass bed, who took part in that discussion. One of the others was introduced as 'our token spade for the show', another as 'resident shit-stirrer'.

The discussion was good, but scarcely definitive. Sometimes it was dull. Never did it discuss, or suggest, any exciting future for tv, though Patrick Watson suggested to the producer, also on the bed, that she hadn't been making sufficient use of the film cameras and other facilities available to her. But the very style of the discussion, the set, the languid-but-startling introductions, were fresh. Old content, new forms; the visual situation was fresh, and this was what was ultimately valuable about the programme.

The other visual situation, the direction (choice of camera shots) was not a success. The director, up in the control room, was asked to 'try something wild', 'find some really crazy shots';

he tried, but lapsed back into the conventional. 'I've been doing it straight for fifteen years,' he said at the end of the recording, 'and I can't suddenly throw it all out and go wild now'. That was said with regret. Nevertheless it is one of the points at which television can grow and change.

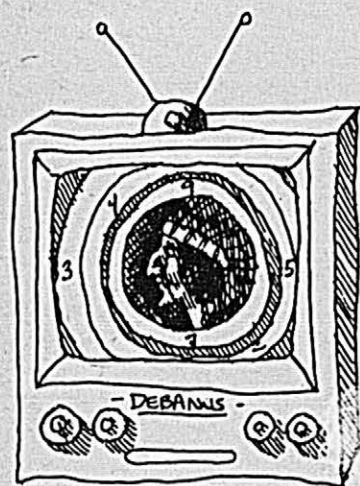
Is, in fact, already changing. The button-pressing director has a vital function: at the most obvious political level, he can decide whether a person appears on the screen in a complimentary or uncomplimentary way. That person may not speak, but the view of him that the viewer gets will unavoidably convey an attitude. Every newspaper picture-editor knows the same. A liberation from conventional directing processes can affect content, therefore, and it can also imply a different view of the world and of relationships between objects. That is rather an abstract view. But Andy Warhol's films, in which one shot lasts several hours, show one kind of directing: minimum cutting. The other possibility is imaginative cutting from shot to shot, and though this does not mean maximum cutting, it can mean that the number of images that the viewer gets is much increased: and, above all, that these images are not necessarily logically related.

At WGBH, an NET station in Boston this sort of thing was occurring two years ago in a programme called 'What's Happening Mr. Silver?'. The audience — mostly under 25, because the programme forced an exception — made its own associations from streams of random images; moving film was cut into videotape at random points; small 'boxes' wiped onto the screen contained commentators remarking on what was in the rest of the screen. On

one occasion there was visual stereo, with two sets needed to get the complete programme.

The NET Playhouse programme tomorrow (Friday) has the latest from this Mr. David Silver, and his director Fred Barzyk. 'America Inc' has, as one strand of three, the contents of the mind and the past of Mr. Silver: part of this is, naturally, the material of 'What's Happening...?' As he remembers his past, so it appears on the screen. This is clearly egoistic, though it probably lies on the right side of being an ego-trip. What is important is that here a director and an actor/interviewer have combined the most radical technical devices with the daring (for tv) decision that the contents of a person's mind is a valid content for what has previously been the most public of all media. (Film long ago reached this point: but I take it to be a fundamentally different medium from tv).

It is the power of the image — random, or personal, or controlled but only suggestive — that can make television for the first time an experience in which the viewer can genuinely participate. I have left out any mention of finance, pressure of censorship and the rest because the impetus for this kind of tv is primarily artistic: to talk about the power of the sponsors first would probably induce paralysis of the creative instincts upon which this kind of development must depend. The fact that television is already changing, in two or three tiny places, is in any case sufficient evidence that it can change, and also that discussion of it as a medium in North America must now include the discussion of its creative potential. And it's happening in Ottawa!

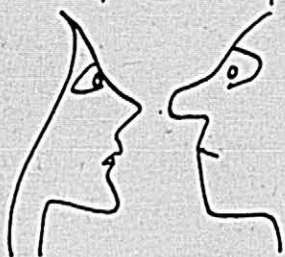


by alan munton

It is a fact of nature, almost, that nobody under 25 watches television. The only exceptional occasion — as a reprinted article in the Daily a few weeks ago slyly remarked — is when people slip home after a demonstration to see if they made the 6:30

HAVE YOU EVER DONE ANYTHING
IN YOUR LIFE THAT YOU'RE
SO ASHAMED OF YOU ALMOST
COULD DIE?

ONCE.



AND SAY STUPID THINGS—

WHAT
WAS
IT?



AND GET INTO FIGHTS—

I DON'T WANT
TO THINK
ABOUT IT—



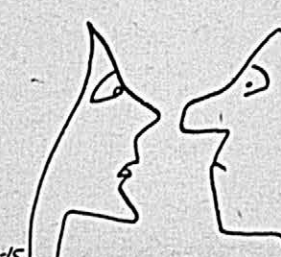
AND WAKE UP THE NEXT
MORNING SO ASHAMED—

BECAUSE EVERY TIME
I THINK ABOUT IT
I'M SO ASHAMED—

THAT I GO OUT AND
GET DRUNK—



I ALMOST COULD DIE.



HERRINGS

of reddish hue

by the segal beast

Lickety split, get out the VO5, baby, 'cause this is going to be THE campaign!!! Yasserrie, the slate has been set and all us runners are preening for the big show as the deadline draws near. In short I have an announcement to make.

You might have guessed it, or you might have just had the hunch, but 'tis indeed true. The Olifunt has announced his intentions to participate in the annual dirty derby. And what a slate!!!

President: O. Lee Funt

V.P. O. Leefunt

V.P. Olee Funt

Sounds interesting? you bet and wait until you hear the platform.

PLANK ONE: All air will be removed from the union. To replace this innocuous gas Olifunt has conjured up a substance that'll stone you and yours beyond acid.

PLANK TWO: Those entering the union who are non students will be obliged to remove their shoes and have their feet bathed by Julie Grey who has volunteered for the job (wants to keep his finger in the pie).

PLANK THREE: All students now sitting on any kind of committee will shift one left and thus make way for change.

PLANK FOUR: F. Cyril James will be asked to act as ombudsman for students. He will represent their point of view to the senate.

PLANK FIVE: Mark Starowicz and Stanley Gray will be hired as editors of the McGill Weekly. Lawrence Wisner who used to own that journal will take up the position of chief adviser to the McGill student front which, under the proposed state run revolutionary group act, will become a sanctified and holy society to which all students must belong.

PLANK SIX: All people elected to executive positions in the students' society will be fired the next day and then rehired to prove that this slate while impulsive, does occasionally stop to consider its actions.

PLANK SEVEN: Garner Ted Armstrong will be installed as the figurative head of the debating union which will merge with the fencing club which will merge with the skydiving club which will run the cafeteria.

PLANK EIGHT: Frank Costi will be asked to resign as union manager and will be subsequently reinstated following an investigation by a committee which will lose its way while trying to define its terms of reference and in a moment of supreme frustration decide that it has no right to (1) exist (2) rule on anything.

PLANK NINE: All clocks in the union will run counter-clockwise to remind all students that even in the jet age horse-and-buggies still travel at a maximum speed of eight miles per hour.

PLANK TEN: The Redpath Museum will be bought by the students' society and renamed the David Young Memorial Hall. It will become a giant men's room.

PLANK ELEVEN: Frank Zappa will be appointed interim God while Chris Portner BCL2 makes up his mind (finally?)

PLANK TWELVE: will be renamed plank thirteen.

ETCETERA!!!! and could you imagine it???? With the McGill Daily as the spearhead of the NEW SOCIETY (edited by J. Fleagood Hothouse) life will once again become jolly and all those who don't like it will be shot.
best tidings

DE ASTROLOGIA

by carl frankel

"No matter what sign you are
You're gonna be mine, you are.
The beat of a heart, my love
Is stronger than the chart,
my love."

So bravely sang Diana Ross and the Supremes only a month or two after the Age of Aquarius had captured top spot in Cashbox and the imaginations of all sorts of beautiful people. Astrology was no longer to be belittled, as the girls no doubt came to realize when their song died at strangely un-Supremish depths of the Hot 100.

The sudden popularity of astrology has brought respectability and, no doubt, substantial sums of money to individuals such as our own John Manolesco, who have devoted themselves to its study for years. It also produced motley crews of Johnnies-come-lately and bandwagon-hoppers who bring us psychic science bookstores and a twelve record zodiac recording set (A&M, \$5.29 each). This, of course, is the typical mixture of sincere fools and cynical entrepreneurs that perpetrates all pop fads.

Social fads - skateboarding, skidooring, dressing Edwardian, playing trivia, or whatever, bubble up continuously from the ferment of pop culture and are to be enjoyed. Intellectual fads, on the other hand, march in solemnly, demanding respect, revealing a Way. In recent years we have heard the good word of transcendental meditation, scientology, feed-your-headonism, macrobiotic diets, Give Peace A Chance, and more. Some deserve very serious consideration; others are totally bankrupt scientifically and philosophically. Astrology falls into the latter category.

Certain among the believers will try to defend the validity of astrology on scientific grounds. Any science whiz from Tween Set, however, can crush their arguments completely. We are told that the effects of heavenly bodies on our lives are due, quite naturally, to undetected species of radiation (or vibrations) - just as we can all feel gravity even though science has yet to characterize the propagation of gravity through space to everyone's satisfaction. We may ask, then, why this radiation does not follow the inverse - square law as all other radiation does. Or we may ask what is so special about ourselves at the moment of birth that the particular zodiacal radiation at that time determines the pattern of our lives. Less esoteric and more devastating points can be scored over the principles of astrology: Why do the outer planets, undiscovered when the dogma was being formulated, but there nonetheless, have no effect? What happens when we are born on a day when the sun straddles two zodiacal signs, or are we to believe that it instantaneously zaps from one to the next? The coup-de-grace can be administered by an introductory astronomy text: "for centuries the precession of the equinoxes has been putting

back the vernal equinox by 50.26" each year... the arbitrary divisions of the zodiac have, so to say, 'slipped' with respect to the constellations and the two no longer coincide."

-Larousse Encyclopedia of Astronomy

That's right, folks, due to a 24,000 year cycle of the earth's axis of rotation, the zodiac has gone a month out of whack since being formulated, and all you Jan. 21 to Feb. 19 people feverishly hunting up your Aquarius in the horoscope column were actually born when the sun was in Capricorn.

All this scientific reasoning can be countered, of course. We may be told, for instance, that the attributes of Aquarius have migrated to Capricorn in synchrony with precession of the equinoxes. In like manner, Ptolemaic astronomers sought to head off evidence favouring the universe of Copernicus and Kepler by amending, complicating, and reamending their system, until it finally collapsed under its own weight. The credulity of "intelligent" people is supposed to have limits. Astrology is non-scientific. Period.

To my knowledge, no statistical study has ever been made to test the validity of astrology - generated predictions. Modern horoscopes could never be so investigated, of course, due to their vagueness and the large number of conditional clauses they contain. Yet we are always being assailed with I-told-you-so's from various prophets, astrologers, palmists, phrenologists, and haruspices after assassinations or natural disasters. A test should be made. There are many "Believe It Or Not" - type books "documenting" cases of accurate prediction, but these are selective, non-statistical, and, in most cases, after-the-fact. I do not believe that astrologists would have the nerve to list specific, testable predictions and have them checked statistically. One would find the odd astrologist succeeding in such a test, but this would be an artifact of our statistical system: Statistics would not prove that any score is the result of random guessing; they would only indicate that such were probable, and, similarly, they would predict a couple out of a sample of a hundred to look very non-random. Luck. Tests

on political matters and the like would be difficult to score because a shrewd analyst may do much better than average. We who do not believe that the prophet Jeremiah had a direct line to God will at least concede that he was an intelligent evaluator of the international situation around the turn of the 6th century BC. There is only one man alive today who has a phenomenal record of successful, exact, public predictions. That man is Jacques Plante, whose gems like "I look for Claude Provost to win da game for Canadiens" going into overtime in a '66 semi-final game is infinitely more impressive than "This may be a good day for financial transactions if you are prudent."

Once we leave the solid sanctum of scientific reason, argument about the reality of astrology becomes impossible. One cannot refute the statement "I believe it." So to all believers, I merely ask if they are aware of the obvious implication of astrology, namely, that, if the future can be read from the stars, the future is predetermined. Determinism is supposed to be anathema to 20th century liberated man. Even the traditional religions lean over backwards to fit a high degree of Free Will into their cosmologies. Astrologists, as usual, can offer escape clauses. They can, for instance, argue that the stars have an effect, but that they can be overcome by acts of will. A pathetic ploy. Tinker with your absolutes, and the whole system degrades and rots.

Anyone who wishes to cling to astrology despite the unfavourable weight of logic and evidence is clinging to a faith. It may be an in-faith with attractive baubles, but it totally lacks the philosophic value, meaningful traditions, and moral content of true religions. Astrology has its place, along with its kindred pseudo-science and pre-science mysticisms as a charming effort of earlier men to order their perceptions of the cosmos, and as an appealing universal symbolism enriching our literature. Poets find sufficient beauty and wonder in the mere existence of stars, and astronomers in the period-luminosity relationship of Cepheid variables that they feel no need of establishing them as remote, one-dimensional deities.

Editor..... Jack Kapica

associate editors..... Louise Abbott

Paul Bochner

contributing editor..... Charles Gurd

Fictional editor..... Brian Segal

the Review



FACULTY OF MUSIC SUNDAY MATINEE THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO CONCERT CHOIR AND BRASS ENSEMBLE

directed by Lloyd Bradshaw & Herbert C. Mueller
Poulenc, Gabrieli, Willan, Rachmaninoff,
Somers, Byrd, Josquin des Pres

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22
REDPATH HALL

2:30 P.M.
ADMISSION FREE

ARTS AND SCIENCE UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY

Nominations are re-opened for the following
Executive positions:

President, Arts Vice President,
Treasurer, Secretary, Fourth Year Class Rep.
Nomination forms are available from the
Union Switchboard and
should be returned to there by

February 23 1970 at NOON.

Pensketches of no more than 200 words and
2 pics should be in by this time also.

William Povitz
Chief Returning Officer

AN ENCOUNTER WITH CHABAD CHASSIDIM

An invitation to Jewish College Youth to experience
a joyful, authentic Shabbos within a Chassidic milieu

WHEN: Weekend of Feb. 27 - Mar. 1

WHAT: An opportunity to live, study and discuss
in a Chassidic environment inspired with
joyful heart warming song and dance.

WHY: To give students seeking a meaningful
commitment a chance to explore Torah
Judaism and Mysticism and to see how
Chassidism can be the answer.

WHERE: Rabbinical College of Canada - 6405
Westbury ave.

- Participants will be housed with
Chassidic families.
- No previous background or commit-
ment necessary

Guest Seminar Leaders

RABBI Z. POSNER - Author, lecturer
and spiritual leader, Nashville, Tenn.

RABBI I.M. KAGAN - Educator, editor,
youth Director, Oak Park, Mich.

PROF. Y. BLOCK - Philosophy U. of
Western Ontario.

FOR REGISTRATION AND FURTHER INFORMATION

Contact
LUBAVITCH YOUTH ORG.
An encounter with Chabad
6405 Westbury ave.
735-2201 or
Prof. A Teitelbaum
Math. McGill U.
392-5802
or
Hillel House



AD SPONSORED BY
TORAH YOUTH COUNCIL
(Division of Jewish Community Council of Montreal)

*"When morning breaks;
I'll be gone"*
TOM PAXTON
*...and you will have had
a great evening*

We, the executives of the ISA, do not feel that the
orientations and policies of the past Executives of the
STUDENTS' SOCIETY have been involved with or per-
tinent to the affairs concerning the International Stu-
dents' interests and their dispositions on campus.

It is our responsibility hence to address the 3500
International students whom we claim membership to
scrutinize the platforms of the candidates who will be
running for the Executive positions on March 4th, and
consider the sincerity and integrity of the candidates
before voting. Afterall, the people who will get these
posts will be the few who will be running your lives
on campus in the future year.

utmost sincerity,

ISA Executives: Paul Chiu
Robert Hosang
Rita Masseli
Lee Koy Hong

Mini-Market

These ads may be placed in the
advertising office at the Uni-
versity Centre from 10 am to 4
pm. Ads received by noon ap-
pear the following day. Rates:
3 consecutive insertions - \$2.00;
maximum 20 words. 10¢ per ex-
tra word.

FOR SALE

STEREO AMPLIFIER - DYNACO SCA 35,
never used, \$165; speakers and turntable
available also (BRAND NEW); anxious to sell;
Call Nissen, 733-9009.

VOIGTLANDER GERMAN CAMERA, new \$60.
Asking \$30. 110-9 volt adapter, electric wa-
ter kettle, reasonable, call after 6 pm. 842-
5341.

BASS GUITAR Regular \$85, SALE \$55.
Amplifiers and other items on sale. Highest
quality at incomparable prices. QUARTIER
MUSICAL, 1342 St. Catherine E.

RUG: Bright Orange, Brand New, Con-
temporary Tones. Size: 7 ft. 2 in. BY 4 ft.
4 in. \$19. Phone 739-6403 after 8 usually.

HOUSING

APARTMENT - 3 1/2 on Queen Mary Rd.
near Cole des Neiges. Sublet from March to
August 31. Phone 731-9516 after 6 pm.

ST. URBAIN AND MILTON, Large 5 1/2
room flat, excellent price. Phone 842-2474
after 6:00 pm, ask for Dave.

COTE DES NEIGES, sublet May-September,
large 3 1/2, \$95, 3rd floor, balcony, every-
thing paid, 392-5925, weekends 739-7574.

SUBLET 2 1/2 ROOM FURNISHED apt. on
Drummond near Sherbrooke. \$100. April.
Call 843-8004.

A 5 1/2 ROOM APARTMENT on Prince Ar-
thur St. (414) will be available from May 1st
- Sept. 1st. Furnished; private parking; 2
balconies. Call: VI 5-3393.

LOST

FOUND IN CAFETERIA - Pair of brown
glasses in black case marked Meunier &
Rosenthal. Call Seymour at 482-3401.

FOUND, A BROWN AND WHITE horned ong-
haired Spaniel half-breed. Call Bill 844-
5230.

FOUND - WALLET WITH MEDICAL NOTES
on set of filing cards - last week on Cole
des Neiges - contact Edmond at 935-6387.

LOST PAIR OF GLASSES - gold, wire
frames "Pilot" type, between Leacock and
Otto Maass. \$10 Reward. Call 731-9563.

MISCELLANEOUS

TYPEWRITERS - From \$25. Sales - Rent-
als - Services of new and used office machines
and furniture. Thursday to Friday till 9 pm.
Mr. Typewriter - 4910 Sherbrooke W. 487-
5551.

HARRY FOX - and David Kaufman. Poetry
books now on sale at the bookstore and Hillel
House. \$1.25 each.

DAVID KAUFMAN - and Harry Fox poetry
books now on sale at the bookstore and Hil-
lel House. \$1.25 each.

POETRY - by David Kaufman and Harry
Fox on sale at the bookstore and Hillel
House. \$1.25 each.

"MONTEREY POP" starring Otis Redding,
Mamas and Papas, The Who, Janis Joplin &
Big Brother and the Holding Company, Jimi
Hendrix, Country Joe and the Fish, Scott
McKenzie, Hugh Masakela, Canned Heat,
Grace Slick, Jefferson Airplane, Animals,
Ravi Shankar. Thursday February 19, shows
6:00, 8:00, 10:00 \$1/ticket.

NANCY: HAPPY BIRTHDAY; Happy Valen-
tine's: Happy You. Happy Peter. P.S. - I love
you.

FREE LUNCH - at all women's fraternities.
1st and 2nd year GIRLS. Feb. 23-27. For
more information come to Union T.V. Lounge
Wed. Feb. 18 or Thurs. Feb. 19, 12-2.

MOC - SKI SUTTON. FRIDAY Feb. 20 -
\$6.00 - Buses leave Roddick gates 7:30 am.
Tickets at Union Box Office.

FERRITE CORE MEMORY as used in 360
computers. Get 16 cores complete with
schematics, send \$1.00 to Systemation 990
47th Avenue Lachine. Sorry no stamps.

WHISKEY SOUR PARTY at Psi Upsilon 3429
Peel, Wednesday February 18 at 6:30. All
welcome. Jeannette (Archaeology 205) where
are you - Henry.

INEXPERIENCED? Learn it the right way!
Ski instruction with certified female. Car-
nival Day, Belle Neige. Cheap rates. Con-
tact Elaine 487-1871.

**ENGINEERING SKI CLUB - TRIP TO
MADONNA** this Friday, Feb. 20. Price: \$7.50.
Special discount for those who have attended
two or more trips. See Roy or Bob in Mc-
Connell 624 before Thursday. Everybody
welcome.

FESTIVAL SKI RACE Feb. 20 11:00 am
open to all McGill University students.
Trophies and prizes for best male, female,
fraternity skiers.

**BABA RAM DASS, NEE RICHARD ALPERT
PH.D.,** ex-associate of Timothy Leary,
Prof. at Harvard, etc., now on the road past
acid to yoga, will share his experiences.
Watch for posters.

PIRATES: "We yield at once, with humbled
mien, because with all our faults, we love
our Queen." Moyses Hall, Feb. 25 - 28.

**TOM PAXTON, Jesse Winchester, Penny
Lang, Bruce Murdoch, Tex Konig, Bert Ma-
son, and Judy Henderson** are coming to-
gether.

ENCOUNTER WITH CHABAD: Jewish col-
lege youth come experience a weekend with
Lubavitcher Chasidim. For information call
735-2201 or Hillel House.



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Lowest Prices
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Latest Styles
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F.R.A.T.

A House is not necessarily
a home. There's more to
it than that...Come and
speak to us.

Union TV lounge 12-2
Wed. Feb. 18 Thurs. Feb. 19

McGill Hillel Students' Society

(anti-imperialist)

An open meeting for
the purpose of candi-
date speeches, and
other issues, will be
held on Friday, Feb.
27th, at 1:00 P.M. at
3460 Stanley St.

BOOST YOUR BUDGET with telephone-sales
6:30-9:30 pm. Mondays through Thursdays.
Excellent incentive. Requires good telephone
voice and preferably bilingual. Phone Miss
Begin, Saturday am 747-2455.

NEED MONEY? FREE I've got lots to give
away. Just call Mike Creinstein 487-3247.
HI, LONG LIZ WEXLER.

**SIR GEORGE WORKER-STUDENT AL-
LIANCE** presents "East is Red", a film
on the Chinese Revolution, Fri., Feb. 20,
7 pm, Sir George. Hall Building, 11937.

ARE YOU REALLY AWARE of what's
happening? Sigma Chi Fraternity is aware
of people.

TAKING AN ENGLISH COURSE? You're in
the English Literature Association: the
representative union of all English students.

ALL ELA members are eligible to run and
vote in elections. Nomination forms and in-
formation: Arts basement, Room D. Positions
opened for ELA Executive, Departmental
Steering and Assembly.

CHARTERED FLIGHTS - and one ways to
Europe. Call Yvonne 738-8651.

**WANTED: TWO EXTREMELY RICH
MALES** willing to escort two frigid girls
to expensive places. No strings. Barbara
691-3879, Nancy 482-0318.

RIDES

RIDE NEEDED TO CORNELL/ITHACA
leaving Thursday Feb. 19 pm and returning
Sunday Feb. 22 pm. Phone Mary 392-4559
evenings.

CARS AVAILABLE - Toronto, Winnipeg,
Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver, Maritimes,
Miami, Florida. Free of charge. Current
Driver's licence necessary. 21 years or over.
Call anytime 937-2816. Montreal Drive-Away
Service Ltd. 4018 St. Catherine W., West-
mount.

CARS FOR DELIVERY to Western Canada
U.S.A. Maritimes and Toronto. Western
Drive Away 932-6151. Gas allowance 12.5
St. Marc, Suite 1204.

CAR LEAVING FRIDAY for Syracuse and
Rochester, returning Monday. One seat
only available. Share expenses. Contact
David between 2 and 5, 336-1474.

RIDE NEEDED TO BOSTON this weekend.
Leave anytime after Wednesday night. Share
driving and ALL expenses. Call Linda 843-
3650.

WANTED RIDE TO PRINCETON, N.J.
(at least NEW YORK) on weekend of Feb-
ruary 20th. Call the French man: 392-5938 or
845-3358.

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ALL TYPING done at reasonable rates. 933-
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TYPING SERVICE. 481-2512. Fast, accurate.
Reasonable rates. Term papers; theses;
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FILMS

BERGMAN PART 3

by morris apelbaum

In the next years (1958-1968) Bergman changes again. He seems to have become resigned to the artist as the voice crying in the wilderness.

In 1968, Bergman once again devoted himself to the Artist. "Persona," revolves around an actress who does not want to speak, who is on an island with her nurse. The actress becomes the nurse's confessor and learns her whole life history. She becomes involved and interested in the nurse, and hated by her because the nurse has exposed herself and is in the actress's power. We have again, the artist who must be involved, who has no choice, and who is hated.

The year after, Bergman released his most personal, most powerful statement of position. "Hour of the Wolf" is a self-portrait of Bergman's mind. Johan Berg, who could be labelled insane, is a painter. He lives alone with his wife on an isolated part of an island. He draws and paints during the day and stays up at night waiting for the dawn. Darkness is a frightening unknown. The hour of the wolf (predawn) is when most people die and most babies are born and Berg has reached that point. The world is populated by horrors. It is a world of carnivores and spiders, where people's faces come off with their hats.

We see Berg's mind of horrors and then they come alive. The Baron von Merken and his friends fulfill the prophecies of his mind. They reinforce the horrors that make old men and young children mortal enemies. We follow Berg through the dark pigeon-ridden passages of von

Merken's castle, where people walk off ceilings and dead lovers come alive. We follow Berg through the jungles of his mind, and to his own murder.

When Bergman questions his own position as an artist, he shows us how things look to him. When, in "Hour of the Wolf", he says, this is the way it looks to me - you are a pack of murdering animals, he has come to the end of his exploration. Bergman is his questioning outsider. It is the asking that is the answer. In questioning his own position, he questions and represents everything around him, and this is what he must do.

UPCOMING FILMS

On Tuesday, 24th, at 9:30, the Cinémathèque Canadienne (844-8734) is showing the last of this month's Flaherty's, "Louisiana Story". Wednesday, also at 9:30, are two films by Jean-Pierre Lefebvre, "L'Homomane" and "Patricia et Jean-Baptiste".

Read about the Canadian Underground Minifestival, put together by Dimitri Eipides, and which got quite a reputation in Europe.

The McGill Film Society. (875-5510) is showing "King of Hearts" (de Broca) Friday, 27th, 11:32, 6:30, 9:00. Also Bresson's "Au Hasard Balthazar", Saturday, 28, P.S.C.A. 6:00, 8:15, 10:30.

On Thursday, 27th, the Conservatory of Cinematographic Art (879-4349), at S.G.W.U. is showing "The Cat and the Canary" by Paul Leni. It was made in 1927, and is the original mystery house story.

TV MCGILL

The cast and crew of T.V. McGill's new series, Reflections, under the auspices of Cable T.V. recently filmed their first production. This will be telecast shortly on Channel 9.

For the most part, the students have not had any previous experience in the media.

The topic chosen was the Concordia housing project.

Concordia and the Milton Park Committee, the two sides competing for the Milton area, were presented in as an objective way as possible.

The one half hour program was divided into a simulated newscast

and a classroom scene which both presented the facts straight; a satirical quiz show between the two rivals, slides of the area and the comments of the official representatives of both Concordia and Milton Park.

The program concluded with a most effective mime depicting the oppressor versus the oppressed and the final plea: "do something."

The students believe that it is very important to have their own show to transmit their opinion on relevant social issues that concern the Quebec community.

THE TURTLE & THE NUDE

by bill wees

The showing of the "Minifestival of Canadian Underground Films" on the 25th of this month will be the first opportunity for a Canadian audience to see what audiences in London, Paris, Amsterdam, Brussels, Stockholm, Berlin, Cologne, and ten other European cities have already seen: a representative selection of the best work done by independent Canadian filmmakers.

For that reason alone the 8 o'clock showing on Wednesday in Leacock 132 is something special.

There are other reasons. Most people, in Canada and out, hardly realize that any films are made here outside the well-marked boundaries of the National Film Board. But, in fact, a great many are, and the eight films in the minifestival are only a sampling of the best.

One of the effects of the minifestival's European tour was to break the monopoly of overseas prestige the NFB has enjoyed for so long. Now, perhaps, film-goers here will begin to see the NFB's limitations.

Compared to Joyce Weiland's and Michael Snow's dry, wry, observations of animals, people and things, or David Rimmer's precise and lyrical evocations of nature's mysterious rhythms, or Bob Cowan's intricate weaving of rock ritual and op-pop art... compared to these personal explorations in film, even the NFB's most experimental works—"Pas des Deux," "Angel," "Fluxes" (I might make an exception of "Free Fall")—seem overly engineered and depersonalized: in a word, Establishment-ized.

But the purpose of the minifestival (and of this article) is not to put down the NFB. Besides, comparisons are odious.

The purpose of the minifestival (which includes, besides the film-makers mentioned above, Clovis Durand, Morly Markson, Martin Lavut, and John Juliani) was, in the words of its organizer, Dimitri Eipides of Montreal's Underground Film Centre, "to expose some of Canada's new film-makers to European audiences."

It did that, and more. Over 4000 people saw the films. The programme, Eipides reports, "received very good responses and an enormous amount of press coverage and reviews." At the Paris Cinémathèque each showing was sold out an hour before it began. One of the films was chosen for the London Film Festival, another was selected for broadcast over the Netherlands Television Network.

Hearing all this, Canadians may begin to feel they've missed out on a good thing. So, the minifestival, as it was shown in Europe, will now be shown here, and we can see for ourselves just what new, young Canadian filmmakers have to offer.

For people who do not automatically approach a showing of underground films with good expectations and open mind, a few words on film audience hang-ups might be in order.

The word "underground," when applied to films, seems often to produce the response I heard from a very cosmopolitan American gentleman a couple of weeks ago. "Oh yes, underground films. My daughter took me to see some underground films last time I was in New York. A dreary lot of people photographing each other's genitals. Bored the shit out of me."

Perhaps, in this context, underground film implies exploitation carried too far—beyond the teas-

ing or explicit erotica of commercial films, to other, less easily understood levels of observation and awareness.

"Underground" also means, to many people, "amateur"—shakey camera, grainy film, uneven light, land lady, girl friend, kid brother in starring roles (when there are "stars" at all). In other words, if it takes from a couple hundred thousand to several million dollars to make a movie, what makes you think you can make one with a Bolex and half a week's salary?

But, it all depends on what you want. Pre-tested and proven, saleable techniques absolutely control commercial films ("Easy Rider," "Medium Cool," "Prologue" not excepted). When the film-maker's vision is controlled—whether by profit motive or tried-and-true techniques—then 99 times out of 100 our vision, too, is controlled. To the degree that the film-maker cannot see things in a personal, imaginative way, we are blinded. Years and years of seeing commercial, theatrical films have, to varying degrees, deadened the vision of all of us.

So, when someone uses film to explore the world without commercial preconceptions, he will most likely make something that is hard for us to see for what it is. Everyone assumes he wanted it to look like a Hollywood film (or at least a Salem commercial), and just couldn't bring it off. So he's an amateur, a failed professional.

"Amateur" comes from amateur, "to love," and amator, "lover." An amateur film is made for the love of it. That, it would seem, is a more promising starting place than the profit motive or the ego trip. It means that underground films, like lovers, ask more and give more.

Michael Snow's "Standard Time" is a case in point. The camera pans at varying speeds and with irregular jerks and stops, around a room; then it pans up and down over the same part of the room. On one up-swing, the camera catches for a second or two a large turtle scuttling across the floor. A few moments later, an equally brief glimpse of a nude flashes by as the camera returns to its circular panning.

With Zen-like finality the presence of that turtle and nude in the space defined by the panning camera creates a new universe—not only in the film, but in our minds. The film asks a lot of our eyes and patience. But it gives much more than it asks.

And yet, they booed and hissed "Standard Time" at the National Film Theatre in London.

No other film in the minifestival is like "Standard Time." No film in the minifestival is like another other film in the minifestival. Perhaps that is what underground film—Canadian or otherwise—is all about.



Members of the TV-McGill Reflections show are seen above rehearsing a number for the programme. Left to right they are Mona Goldstein, Biruta van Zweeden, Gail Guttentag, Hart Cohen and Gita Dranicky.

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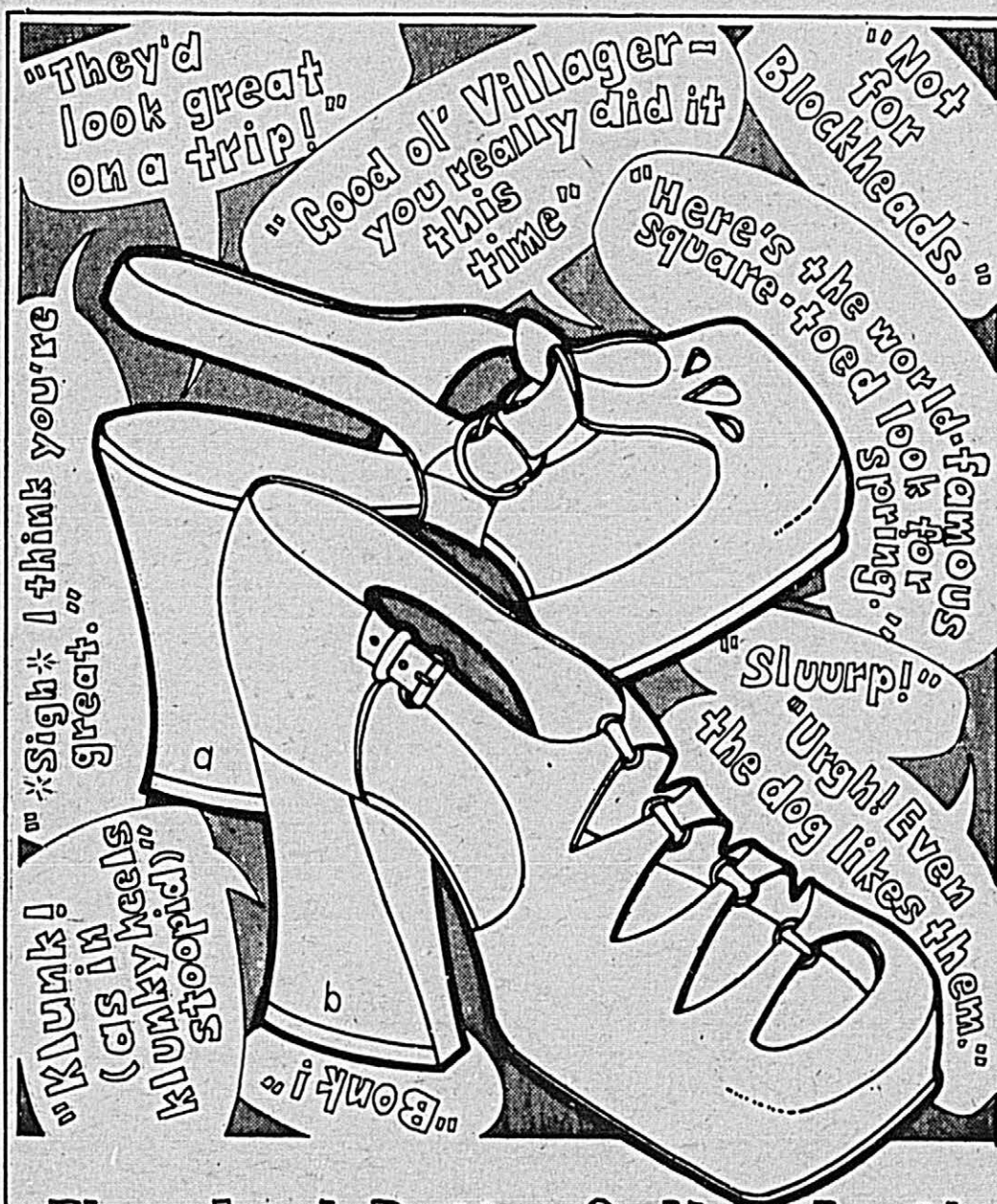
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14
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From stockade to exile: a personal history



I come to your country the same way I came to so many small hillbilly run-down towns, or to the big city, with tall buildings, subways, cab drivers, just back on the street, with pot, not a dime in my pocket, or much of a roof over my head. For the first time in my life, I have lost something—my country, my home; in alienating myself from it I've found something though; yes, my freedom, for I'm now liberated, from the most evil bunch of radicals in the world. Radicals is really not a good word actually; no one word or one thousand could really explain their trip.

One year ago, January 31, I raised my right hand, and, not realising, stopped being a human being. Perhaps it started when I thrust a bayonet into a target, visualized seeing a man die, knowing I killed him and for what? Somehow I managed to get out of basic and into advanced training. They tried to make me a Pershing missile crewman. It didn't last long, about as long as it took the army security agency to find out about me and the American actor, me and LSD. So I lost my clearance and was on my way to being incarcerated, I guess.

One night while I think I was lying in my bunk smoking a cigarette, I was surrounded by two squads of over-patriotic young Americans who were in the mood to spill some blood—mine. Well, in the morning I was read charges for smoking in bed and destroying government property. I split, got busted, more charges—breaking restrictions, AWOL, and refusing lawful orders, the whole bit. They threw me in the stockade for 3 months, which I spent in the maximum security cell block. By now I was judged incorrigible. They put me in disciplinary segregation; they were out to break me.

By now I'd become pretty fucking hostile and was really going out of my tree. One morning I jumped a guard and nearly beat him to death. Another court martial, more time, six MPs. I didn't care, the trouble in the stockade was really getting bad, the vibes were really something else. I think it started when a guard who was a spade blew a prisoner's leg off with a shotgun. He was getting off a deuce and half that night, a big brawl busted out; black and white, a lot of people went to the

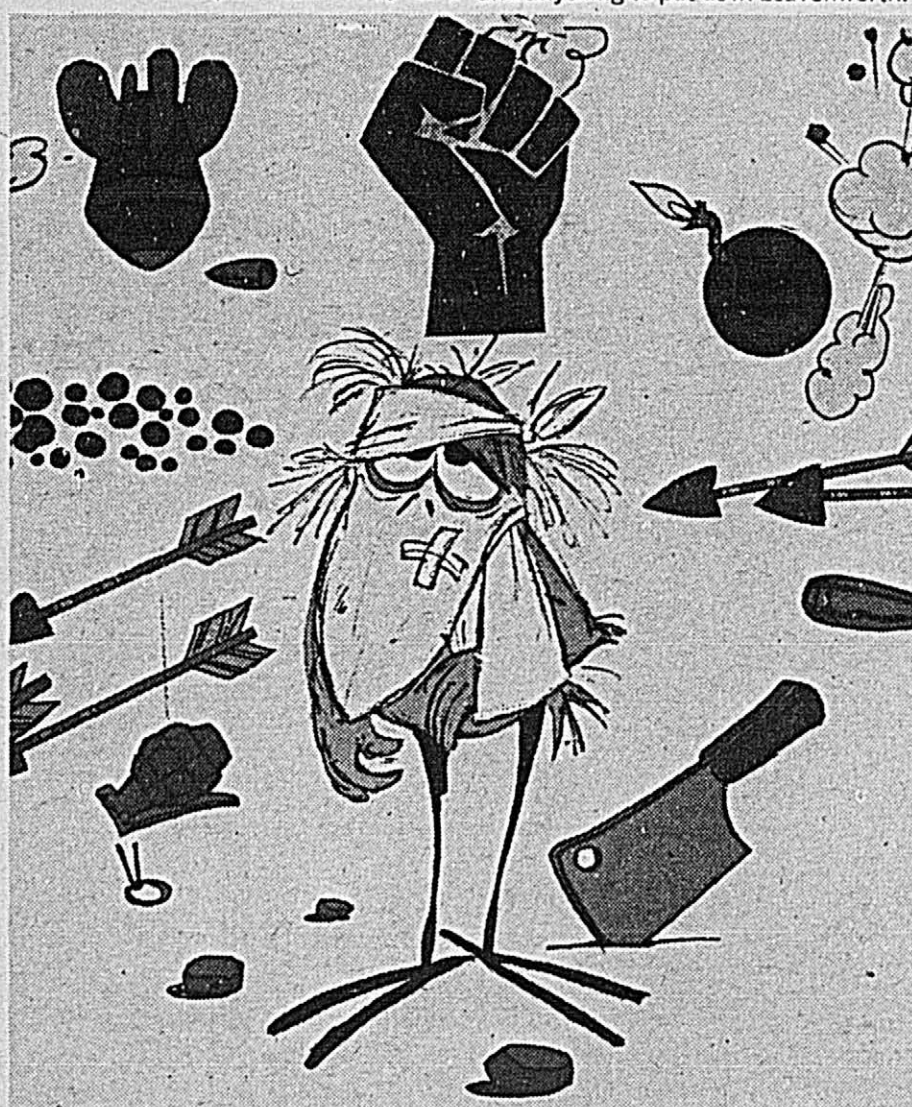
hospital. A CID agent posing as a prisoner got thrown out a second story window, and the guards backed off.

Suddenly in the middle of the whole thing the pigs stepped in and in a matter of seconds, guards were on the way to the emergency room. Every window was smashed. Clothes, mattresses and all other personal belongings were being thrown out the windows, and the first match was struck. Guards were ordered in, no one came, the buildings were in flames and the 542nd MP detachment were on their way, protecting the firemen. Everyone watched in amazement as a power structure was temporarily being destroyed.

The stockade slept in tents with the 3rd core in our perimeter. They sent

most of us down the block. When it was full beyond capacity, they sent them to the Lanton city jail. That night the turnkey came to Cell 10 to let someone out, but he lost his keys. It wasn't over yet. Every cell opened and out poured 38 solid prisoners with guards making out the door. Well, the general said "Gas it". Came pigs, came more blood; the medics were busy that August night. They put 10 additional guards on the block, one man out at a time.

Well, General Brown wanted to know why, 4th Army Commander General Gritz wanted to know why, but no one would say a fucking thing. They were out to bust our ass for mutiny, inciting to riot, arson, assault, and anything to put us in Leavenworth.



For three weeks everyone at the block was being questioned around the clock. We called their bluff, white-black was together, no one was faulted. It finally ended in special court-martials for most of the "incorrigibles" for refusing lawful orders. Most of us had accumulated enough time to go to Leavenworth. We went. I had 14 months to do, NO punitive discharge, three court-martials.

I spent two months in the USDB and they sent me to the correctional training facility to become a rehabilitated effective soldier; no riots, no court-martials. I wanted to get out, and split I did. I'm here.

I can't explain to you what it's like to be locked up like an animal for so long. What it does to you: a small cell, rabbit chow, the man won't open the cell. You'd piss on the floor. The scars on my body tell my story; my wrists tell you how I felt sometimes. Yes, the fire in me has died. I've seen two people die. I've seen enough blood for a while.

What happened at Fort Sill is not unique. It's happening in every stockade throughout the Army.

Why? Because of the mockery of justice in a military court, because of the months you wait for a discharge and it isn't approved because of trigger-happy guards, and really a lot of people just have been fucked up enough and want to fight back. They never broke me but a part of me died last year.

I can't explain to you how I feel emotionally, because right now my head is pretty fucked up and I'd like to forget about it, but many of my partners are in Leavenworth doing a lot of time because they wanted to become human beings again. Physido 27, peace for seven, or a dude who blew up a C-47 cargo plane in Guam loaded down with ammo destined for Vietnam were not all doing it or fighting it because we're part of a movement. A lot of straight crew-cuts from Georgia, man, have killed a lot of people in Nam and just don't care.

I did. Perhaps that's why it hurts so much.

Bo Jack

The author of this account is an American soldier who deserted from the army three weeks ago.

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MCGILL CHINESE STUDENTS' SOCIETY ELECTION

The following candidates have been nominated for their executive positions:-

President	Jimmy Chang
Vice-President	Stephen Chan, Wayne Hum
Secretary	Gloria Au
Treasurer	Michael Tan
Cult. Comm. Chairman	Frank Chan
Social Comm. Chairman	Peter Ho
Sports Comm. Chairman	James Tam
Publicity Officer	Feliciano Chuy
Milestone Editor	Mark Siu

Election will take place on Wed. 25th Feb., 1970 at 8 p.m. at L26. Membership and McGill student I.D. cards are required for voting purposes.

STUDENTS' SOCIETY ELECTIONS

Nominations for President of the Students' Society; Vice-President, Internal; Vice-President, External; Student Council Reps for Graduate Studies and Research; and Chairman of the Students' Athletics Council.

**CLOSE AT 4 P.M., TODAY,
FEB. 19, 1970**

**Bob Wheatley
Sandy Martin**
Co-Chief Returning Officers

TODAY, TOMORROW, ETC.

FIGURE SKATING: Classes and Club session. Winter Stadium. 2-4 pm.

WINTER FESTIVAL: All tickets on sale at Union Box Office. "Monterey Pop". Festival Movie. PSCA. 6, 8, 10 pm.

P.G.S.S. SNOW BALL: Tickets at Grad House or Council Reps. Not sold at door. Limited number. 3650 McTavish, 4-12 pm.

PLAYER'S CLUB: Est-ce que vous êtes L'Exception ou la Règle. Aujourd'hui à 4 heures. B23-24.

CHORAL SOCIETY: Practice for spring Concert. Union B26-27. 6 pm.

PANHELLENIC: Meet the women's fraternities. Union T.V. lounge. 12-2 pm.

ALPHA EPSILON DELTA PREMEDICAL HONORS SOCIETY: Any members wishing to be a Convention Delegate, contact Gary Luskey at 681-7194.

SOCIOLOGY STUDENT'S UNION: Radical Seminar on 3rd world. Union B23. 1 pm. Radical Seminar on Quebec. Union B23. 7 pm.

PRE-MED SOCIETY: Tour of J.G.H. labs leaving from Union at 2 pm.

TEACH-IN ON THE HOLOCAUST: Implications for Contemporary and Future Jewry. Rabbi R. Rubenstein. Moyses Hall. 1 pm. Rabbi Greenberg. Moyses Hall. 1 pm. Panel discussion on implications of Holocaust for mankind. Union Ballroom. 8 pm.

CHARITY QUEENS: Charity Ball. Hotel Bonaventure. It's a good course. Information: Len, 849-8814.

SZO: Study session. Union 327.

MOTORCYCLE CLUB: Election, party planning, compulsory attendance. Union B26, 1 pm.

CANTERBURY HOUSE: 1 pm: Organizational meeting. 5:30 pm, Holy Eucharist. 6:30 pm, Dinner, followed by a discussion on Eyebucks, 3555 University Street.

SANDWICH THEATRE: "The Dumb-Waiter" by Harry Pinter. Union Theatre. 1 pm.

YAVNEH: Shabbaton begins this evening. For lifts to Dollard call Jerry Adler, 731-9273. Registration. 4:30-6:30 pm.

ARMENIAN STUDENT'S CLUB: Get together, bring your lunch. Union 327. 1-2 pm.

PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION: Executive Meeting. Union 124. 1-2 pm.

POLITICAL SCIENCE DEPT.: Prof. Pauline Vaillancourt. "Political Socialization: A Selected Evaluation of the Field and a Report on Research in Progress." L 425.3:15 pm.

FRIDAY

CURRICULUM REVIEW COMMISSION: Meeting. Arts Council Room. 9:30 am.

COLLOQUIUM ON EXACT PHILOSOPHY: Charles Castonguay. Theory of intentions.

ORTHODOX CHRISTIAN FEL-

LOWSHIP: English Vespers Discussion. 1444 Drummond. 8:15 pm.

P.G.S.S. SNOWBALL: Tickets from council reps or at Grad House. Only a few days left. 3650 McTavish. 4 pm-12 pm.

ALPHA EPSILON DELTA PRE-MEDICAL HONORS SOCIETY: Any member wishing to be a Convention Delegate contact Gary Luskey at 681-7194.

CHINESE NEW YEAR CHARITY BALL: Bonaventure Hotel. Information: Len at 849-8814. 8 pm.

UNION OF PHILOSOPHY STUDENT DEBATING UNION: Prof. R. Panikar: Oriental philosophy and Western philosophy, the different possibilities. Union 307. 3 pm.

STUDENTS OF OBJECTIVISM: Meeting. Union 124. 1 pm.

SATURDAY

FIGURE SKATING: Classes and club session. Winter stadium. 10-12 pm.

WEST INDIAN SOCIETY: Dance. Coffee lounge. 8:30 pm.

SUNDAY

CANTERBURY HOUSE: 6 pm: Dinner. 7 pm: Holy Eucharist. 3555 University Street.



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MCGILL WINTER FESTIVAL

Thurs. Feb. 19
MONTEREY POP
PSCA 6, 8, 10 P.M. \$1.

Fri. Feb. 20
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plus entertainment all day, Torch Light Parade
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Return 6, 10, 11 p.m. \$2.00

Sat. Feb. 21
TOM PAXTON
Jesse Winchester - Bruce Murdoch
Penny Lang - Tex Konig
Burt Mason - Judy Henderson
Gym 7:30 P.M. \$2.50 - Bring a blanket

Mon. Feb. 23
SLY and the FAMILY STONE
The Fifth Ave. Band and Night Train
Montreal Forum 8 P.M.
\$5.50 - \$4.50 - \$3.50 - \$2.50

Tickets at Union Box Office & at door

Elevators moving once again

by BORIS FABRES

The tension and turmoil caused by Warden Frank Faragoh's curtailment of elevator service in Molson Hall, have disappeared.

"Negotiations" on the weekend between the student Resident Council and Professor Faragoh resulted in the resumption of normal elevator hours. That is, the elevator is now closed at midnight.

The general feeling still exists among the residents that Professor Faragoh handled the incident very clumsily: he did not consult the Resident Council before shutting off the eleva-

tor, and afterwards, Council members had to ferret him out, to demand an explanation for his action.

In a letter to him, the Council said, "discussion after the last elevator incident made it apparent that shutting down the lift was not the solution to the problem."

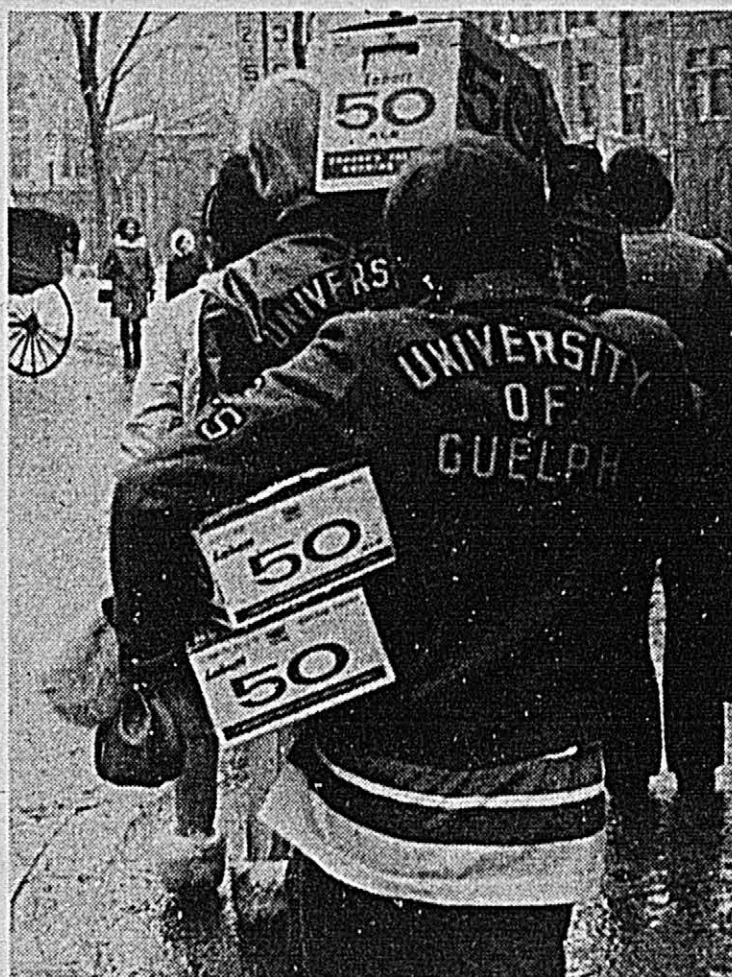
Professor Faragoh, however, still does not give a guarantee that the elevator will not be shut off again in the future. All he said was that, "elevator service need not be curtailed in the future."

He declined to answer further

questions on the incident, saying, "I'm all tied up now."

Bob Kenny, President-elect of the new Molson Resident Council, which comes into office on March 1, stated that, "shutting down the elevator was not really the best solution," and agreed that Prof. Faragoh had lost the respect of the residents because of the manner in which he handled the affair.

Presently, the role and authority of the Warden in a residence is being examined in the light of the recently published Disciplinary code, by the University Residence Council.



Daily photo by HENRY KASZEL

JUNGLE TREK: A safari of touring students from the depths of darkest Ontario arrived in Montreal yesterday for the Quebec Winter Carnival. When informed of where things were really at (a problem in primitive semantics), the visiting cultural virgins decided to stay for McGill's own Winter Festival. Their stay at McGill is being financed by the Department of Anthropology's professor Anatole Schorncroft, who is presently writing a paper on "The Folk Habits of Upper Canada: A Study in Deprivation." The boxes carried by the subjects contained trade trinkets used by the professor to attract the subjects' participation and to reduce their natural reaction to cultural shock.



February Folk Festival 70's

BLANKET CONCERT

TOM PAXTON AND FRIENDS

Jessie Winchester, Bruce Murdoch
Penny Lang, Tex Konig,
Bert Mason, Judy Henderson

SIR ARTHUR CURRIE GYMNASIUM, SATURDAY,
FEB. 21, 7:30 P.M. ADMISSION \$2.50

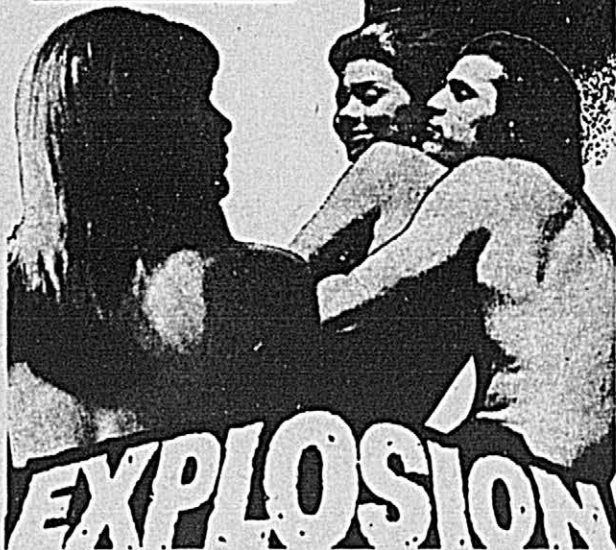
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draft-dodgers who flee to Canada...

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Simpsons

DOWNTOWN
FAIRVIEW POINTE-CLAIRE
LES GALERIES D'ANJOU



Redmen capture "festival classic" with 5-2 feast over U de M

Pucksters turn festival into picnic

by MIKE KAZAKOFF

Before a small but boisterous Festival crowd, the McGill Redmen hockey team put it all together to win the Birks Trophy for the second consecutive year. Spurred by the smooth skating of Mike Stacey and the clutch goaltending of Norm Lord the Redmen were never behind and going away.

Obviously missing the stirring strains of the national anthem

the Red and White took a minute to get going. When they did they were not to be denied. With Ken Ross keeping the puck in it the point, Mike Stacey missed a point-blank shot from right in front. Keeping right with it, he poked it back in front where George Kemp jumped on the disc, took one look and fired it to the far right-hand side of the U. de M. net-minder.

Shortly after the goal at 7:53,

the teams began to throw their weight around. Unfortunately for some poor Carabin Ken Ross decided to display some of his football talents. I couldn't make out his number as they scraped him off the ice.

White tempers were getting a little high, Norm Lord began his antics in the Redmen cage. Captain Andre Larouche of the Carabins made a neat play stepping around the defense from the right-hand side before deking Lord off the post. Norm was having none of it, however, as he stood his ground and picked the shot out of the air with a great glove save.

A minute later, he did it again on a two-on-one break after Ken Ross took another head off at center ice. The fates, however, took a break about this time and the defence began having trouble clearing the puck. With 16 seconds left in the period, Gilles Fortin's slider from the point deflected off a skate in front of the net and sliced through Lord's legs. That was to be the opposition's last gasp.

The Redmen came out like gang-busters in the second. Dave Roxburgh maneuvered the puck beautifully into the U. de M. zone, but his weak shot trickled to the side. Skippy Kerner, trailing on the play, swooped in and fired it home from a sharp angle. The time was exactly one minute.

Two minutes later, after applying good pressure, George Kemp scored his second of the night on a falling deflection from the circle to goalie Trudel's left. Assists went to Larry Meehan and Mike Stacey.

The rest of the period saw plenty of end-to-end action and a rash of penalties to both teams. The Redmen were hanging on in the last minute but came out of the frame still leading by 3-1.

The third period also belonged to the Redmen as they held off

the Carabins while short-handed in the early minutes. Dave Roxburgh again took the initiative with his digging in the attacking zone. Picking up his own rebound on a long shot, he bloomed the puck out in front where Skippy Kerner banged it out of the air and into the net.

The rest was denouement as Richard Demers scored on a break-away with Doug Crossley

getting it back less than a minute later.

The only thing the Redmen lost all night was the main bout involving Mike Stacey and Donald Quane. Giving away about four inches and many pounds, Mike got his licks in quickly but couldn't last.

The presentation of the trophy made it all better and topped the night off in a fitting fashion.

Ice JVs kill giants

by ROB DOYLE

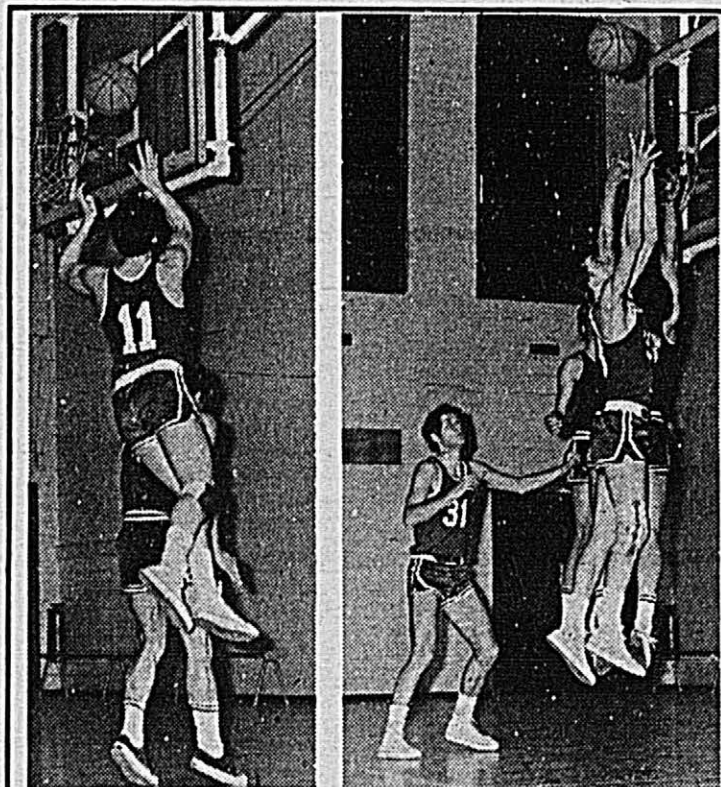
As the Junior Varsity hockey team heads into the final week of the schedule, they're in a tight race for second place. Last Friday the Little Redmen played giant-killers as they polished off the Loyola squad by a 5-4 margin. The Warriors currently hold down second place in the league, but on that night they were no match for the Indians. Coach Steve Doty described it as their best game of the year and offered the observation that the fans were really up and down all night (all 20 of them).

McGill kept its winning streak alive on Tuesday night by demolishing an inept team from the College Militaire Royale, 7-3. They didn't really play outstanding hockey, but then again, they didn't have to.

Labrecque scored twice in the first period and Carter also got a goal. Although the Indians outplayed the visitors badly, they couldn't seem to pull ahead, and allowed two reasonably easy goals.

The second frame saw more excitement as Don Jamieson was beautifully set up in front of the net with two C.M.R. players off. He casually flipped the puck over the fallen goalie to make the score 4-2. Then Balloch brought the three fans to their feet with a wild rush down the right boards, a frenzied sweep around the net, and a perfect pass to Sponder who trickled it through the C.M.R. goalie's legs. Anti-climactic but exciting.

The Indians meet the U. de M. at 8 o'clock at the Winter Stadium on Friday, and should they defeat the so-far unbeaten Carabins, they will take over sole possession of second place.



Daily photos by Bill Ewing

AND THE GREAT WINGED WALRUS of the North appeared over the horizon and smiled on Coach Mooney and it was good. Consequently the Redmen overcame an overwhelming 42-41 half-time deficit to defeat the Macdonald educators 81-70. On the left we see Mike Reid, son of Turok, on his way to stuffing a (Brodeur) rebound. Reid counted a season high total of 26 while Brodeur who sat out the first half for by passing Monday's practice, flipped in 21. Many others played too.

Tom Mooney wasn't kidding when he said "hang 'em up for the season, boys". at games conclusion. Witness Heinz Mayer (right) as he tries, in vain, to remove Bill Holt and teammates from basket rim, where they remain to this very moment.

And to those Jeff Biteen fans who once again crave to see his name in print.....Jeff Biteen.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

Feb. 25-28

Moyse Hall

Tickets: \$2.00

Union Box Office



 * **NOMINATIONS** are hereby called for the following *
 * positions in the **ISA EXECUTIVES** for the term *
 * **1970-71:-** *
 * **THE PRESIDENT** *
 * **VICE-PRESIDENT** *
 * **TREASURER** *
 * **PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICER** *
 * **SECRETARY** *
 * **ELIGIBILITY:** All students registered at McGill currently and *
 * whose nominations forms are signed by at least 5 ISA *
 * Council members. *
 * **Dates:** *
 * **Election date March 2nd, Monday** *
 * **Deadline for nominations 26th February 5.00 p.m.** *
 * **Paul Chiu** *
 * **Chief Returning Officer** *
 * **Further information: ISA office Union 40** *
 * **875-5510 loc. 35** *
 * *****

 Join the Outdoor People

SKI WEEKENDS

Cost Less...are more fun with

SKI HOSTELS

Trips are organized each weekend and usually leave on Friday evenings.

- **ACCOMMODATION** is provided for two nights in comfortable non-profit Youth Hostels.
- **MEALS** too...all you can eat.
- **TRANSPORTATION**... arranged by our own cars and ski buses.

All inclusive Weekends **\$9.50**

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1324 Sherbrooke St.W. 842-9048

McGill English Department presents
 Dublin Theatre Company in
SMOCK ALLEY
 or the Fortunes of an Eighteenth Century Theatre
MOYSE HALL, ARTS BUILDING
 Sunday, February 22 at 8:30 p.m.
 Admission - \$2.50, Students - \$1.50
 Tickets from Students Union Ticket Office, 3480 McTavish Street, or at the door
 Reservations (until 4:00 p.m. Friday): 288-2062

SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS UNIVERSITY
 DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
 PRESENTS
 Lecture Series in Educational Technology
 Lecture #5
 "Educational Technology and the Schools"
 by
 Dr. Willard Congreve
 Superintendent, Newton Iowa Public School System
 Friday, February 20th, 1970
 8:15 p.m. Room H-635
 For information: Dept. of Education 879-4535

MCGILL WINTER FESTIVAL

SKI RACE

At Belle Neige 11 A.M.

All McGill Students eligible for prizes

FESTIVAL SKI DAY - FRI. FEB. 20